HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

On account of the illness of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, we are compelled to go to press this week without our regular chapter of his admirable Story, THE DEAD SECRET. It will be resumed next week, as usual.

ABSTRACTIONS, AND NUMERICAL MAJORITIES.

SWIFT, in one of those biting satires on human nature which will last as long as the victims of his ridicule retain the passions that he derides, describes a furious political contest turning on the question whether an egg should be broken on the big or the little end. If the immortal Dean had lived till our day, he would have found, in the *furore* produced by the Dred Scott decision, a subject better suited for his wit than the wrath of either Big-endians or Little-endians.

The determination of a question which has but once occurred before since the creation of the Republic—which will, in all probability, never occur again during a period of at least equal length—viz., Whether the representatives of the ill-used, down-trodden African race are legally, technically citizens of the United States—a question which in no way really affects the rights, interests, welfare, or tranquillity of either race, has thrown the country into one of those spasmodic fits of excitement, which would call instantaneously for strait-jackets, if that sort of restraint were to be found among our constitutional checks and limitations.

The frenzy takes, and blazes all round. One Legislature of an Atlantic State, the people of which wring their existence with infinite labor from an ungrateful soil, under a harsh and unkind climate, propose, with magnanimous liberality, to give a hundred thousand dollars to be spent by political agitators on the banks of the Kansas and the Platte. Another State burns to avenge itself on the Federal Judiciary by adding the black vote to the already incongruous elements of its turbulent and uneducated voters. A judicial functionary, whose chief distinction is due to the fact that he has overruled and nullified half a dozen decisions of his official superiors, the Federal tribunal, is invited to dinner by a score of legal and political notabilities, all no doubt anxious to show their respect for his tenacious maintenance of the rule of *Stare Decisis*. And so the fever rages in every direction.

Of all these indications of an unsettled and unsound state of the public mind the most remarkable, however, is the proposition which has been put forward for the reorganization of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is considerably more important than many of the other outbreaks of temper and excitement to which we have referred, and is worthy of more than mere passing attention.

The Supreme Court of the United States, as a Court, is created and fixed by the Constitution; and it is furthermore provided by that instrument that the judges shall hold their offices during good behavior, and that their compensation shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. In these respects, therefore, the Court is as permanent as the Great Charter itself. But in other particulars it is entirely under the control of Congress. The number of the judges and the organization of the circuits; in other words, the distribution of the members of the Court, with reference to the States, is completely under the control of the National Legislature.

The Court at present consists of nine members—Chief Justice Taney, assisted by his brethren, Justices Curtis, Nelson, Grier, M'Lean, Daniels, Wayne, Catron, and Campbell. As regards the unhappy division of the country into North and South, therefore, or Slavery and Free Soil, the Court would seem to be constituted with considerable fairness. Four of the Justices are taken from Free States, four from Slave States. The Chief-Justice is taken from a State which, though nominally Slave, has never at any time shown any excitement whatever on the question, and may with almost strict truth be called a neutral State. The constitution of the Court would seem, therefore, to be as nearly impartial as is compatible with poor human nature's excitabilities and insanities.

Not so, however, reason those who look on the decision of the Dred Scott case as the overthrow of human liberty—who consider the salvation of the Union entirely dependent on the question whether the free black is or is not a citizen—and who very sincerely, no doubt, speak of the judgment of the Supreme Court, delivered by seven of its members, as "the decree of five pro-slavery judges." They consider the decision an outrage; they look on the Court as degraded, and lo, their panacea!

It is to re-fashion the circuits according to numbers. They say, and with truth, that the Judges are not assigned according to population; that the four Judges from the Free States represent a very much larger population than the four Judges from the Slave States; and that the distribution of the members of the Court should be changed, so as to give effect to this numerical preponderance. A Court with, say six members from Free States, and three members from Slave States, would never pronounce any Dred Scott decisions.

Now this is specious, and gratifying to the love of power of the North; and the only objection that we see to the suggestion is, that it proceeds on a perfectly false idea of the character of our Government.

The proposition starts with the notion that this is a Government of numerical majorities, and that numerical majorities are to be represented in the federal judiciary.

Nothing can be more untrue or unsound. As regards the Government of the United States, it is utterly untrue that it is a Government of numerical majorities. It is, on the contrary, a Government of political checks and balances, every one of which is a flat negation of the idea of the rules of numerical majorities. Thus little Delaware is, in the Senate, the equal of huge New York, and pigmy Rhode Island has a voice as loud as that of the giant Keystone. In the Presidential election, a majority of a hundred thousand in New York may be balanced by a majority of four thousand or five hundred in Pennsylvania. In the House of Representatives, three-fifths of slave property are represented from a Southern State, no property at all in a Northern State. And so it is throughout, every where—check and balance, contrivance and compromise. Nowhere is the Government of the Union a system of numerical majorities.

To apply the idea of numerical majorities to the Supreme Court is, then, a perfect misconception of the character of our government. It is misconception of its spirit as well as of its letter. The Supreme Court of the United States is not a mere judicial body; it is a machine partly judicial and partly political, often called on to decide questions of the latter character. It ought, then, to conform as closely as possible to that general notion of balance and compromise which marks the whole federal system. It is well and wisely constituted as it is. It has generally discharged its functions with unusual wisdom and ability.

Nor are attacks on the Court and its members any new thing. We can all recollect how Mr. Jefferson, in one of the few sulky fits that his cheerful temper permitted, treated the "pseudo-democrat Story;" and how the old Lion of the Hermitage was wont to rage against the federalism of Marshall. Burr's trial, the Cherokee case, the Bank of the United States, have all brought the Court into direct collision with political chieftains; in all these instances the Court has been vehemently and bitterly denounced—quite as vehemently and bitterly as now—but in no case, after the fury of the fight has died away, has the slightest suspicion attached to the integrity of the Court.

Men's minds differ, and differ honestly, as much as the color of their eyes or the hue of their hair. Judges, when they ascend the bench, do not put off the habits of their lives nor the result of their experience and modes of thought; because they are judges, they do not cease to be men; and he who supposes that the man of Georgia will or can look at the black race with the same feelings or habits of mind as the man of Massachusetts, is either a stolid ignoramus or a furious fanatic.

History is a great teacher to those who sit at her feet. If we ask of her in regard to the Supreme Court of the United States, we shall probably learn from her responses to sympathize little with the excitement growing out of the Dred Scott decision, and to respect still less the political craft that seeks to turn this excitement to mere party purposes.

BUTTERED PARSNEPS.

[IN A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.]

MR. EDITOR,—I like my parsneps buttered. It is not the way, perhaps, in which they are generally eaten just now. There is a growing fancy for eating them with black sauce. This is not to my taste. Suppose not? Am I to be hooted at, cried down, lampooned, thought an execrable fellow of low associations and beastly appetites, because I prefer my parsneps buttered?

Suppose a few splendid and noisy diners-out (more glib, and stronger than I) have taken on a sudden a tremendous disgust for the old way of eating parsneps buttered, and can prove from the lips of their great dinner companies that this way of dressing hurts the digestion, depraves the blood, and Heaven knows what! must I stop eating because these splendid people rail on in that fashion, or else be snubbed for a low, paltry chap, who hasn't the courage to come out for black sauce and black sauce eaters?

Observe, I don't object to their mode of eating or cooking, if they will only be content to let me eat and cook in my way. Isn't this the fair thing?

But this is not the worst. These splendid people, who are always dining out, and always trumpeting the superior quality of those parsneps swimming in the black sauce, are not content with damning every body who eats buttered parsneps, but they taunt and vilify those quiet people who abstain from parsneps altogether.

There is no satisfying them, except—first, by eating parsneps; and next, by eating them just as they eat them.

"See what stomachs we have!" they say; "we eat them stewed; why the deuce don't you eat them stewed?"

John, our cousin, a quiet soul, of invalid habit, says, "I don't like parsneps, and so don't touch them."

"Yes you do, you renegade! you poltroon!" say these dashing diners-out, who love stew with black sauce; "you know you love them—you love them buttered; every body who don't eat them loves them buttered. How can any body not love parsneps?"

"Pardon me, but I don't," says John.

"Hang us but you do!" says the black-sauce talker. "See how we love them. Did not the same Lord make your stomach who made our stomach; and can a man, born of woman, tamper with the higher law of Hygiene? Listen to what the great Doctor Mucklemash says upon that head."

And thereupon we have tremendous citations going to show that buttered parsneps are all wrong, and that a man had far better abstain from eating them at all than not to eat them with the prescribed sauce; and yet that a man had as good be damned altogether as to abstain, when his very abstention is proof positive that he prefers butter to sauce.

But this is not the worst. These diners-out, who just now rule the roast, and browbeat us if we follow a single one of the old methods of cookery (thought very good and safe once), not only disallow us any position of neutrality, but they deny our honesty if we boldly assume a position and abjure their tastes.

Jo, our other cousin, says he does like parsneps, and likes them buttered; and, because he likes them buttered, will eat them buttered: "*Blast* me if I don't!" says Jo.

"Ah, the poor poltroon!" says a splendid and devout diner-out, wiping the black sauce unctuously from the corners of his mouth, "you *know* you are an outcast; you *know* you are a sinner; you *know* you don't love parsneps in that style; you *know* you only eat them buttered because you want to encourage the g-r-e-a-sy manufacture of butter; at stomach, you *know* you love the black sauce infinitely better. So do we all, my dinner-loving friends!"

I should like to know, Mr. Editor, if you have the same tyranny about you in the city? Do you eat parsneps? Do you dare eat them buttered? Do you dare let them alone? Do you love the black sauce on them; not only on them, but on every thing—veal, pork-chops, chickens, Irish stew?

Don't you think these diners-out, who have taken the black sauce in hand, are flooding our dishes a trifle too much with it? Don't you think there may be some virtue left in an old-fashioned buttered parsnep, and some honesty in people who say they like them so, or don't like them at all?

The crop was large last year, and being plenty in the markets, I thought I might venture an appeal in favor of quiet, old-fashioned people like myself, who love their parsneps buttered.

WANTED—A NEW LINE OF STEAMERS.

IT is very singular that none of our watchful daily papers have noticed the marked decay of our steam marine, and the equally striking advance of that of our great rival—England. Two years ago, when the Collins line was in full force, and the success of the Aspinwall, Nicaragua, and other coast lines, prompted considerable activity in steamboat building, there was a prospect that we should soon stand as pre-eminent on the Atlantic in steamers as we did in sailing vessels. That prospect has not been realized. Far from it. The Collins line is just in existence, and when the *Adriatic* shall have been repaired and fitted up, it will have one vessel to compete with the Cunarders; but as Congress will not continue to sustain it to gratify the English merchants who started it, if it thrives, it must pursue a new policy and win a new character. And it will stand alone. One or two enterprising steamboat owners have built ships for the Atlantic trade, and they may possibly do well. But there is not now, nor is there any immediate prospect that there soon will be, any line of American steamers that can presume to compete with the Cunard line for the British trade.

This is not all. The Cunard line, admirable as it is as a mercantile speculation, is but one of several lines of packets propelled by steam, and plying between the United States and Europe. There are at present in existence three other British lines, one French, and one Belgian; not to speak of lines projected, whose vessels are on the stocks. All or nearly all of these are propellers.

The experience of the last twelve to twenty months has proved that propellers are equal in speed to paddle-wheel ships, while they are immeasurably superior in capacity for carrying cargo, and much cheaper to run.

The English have recognized these truths, and are turning them to account by building large propellers in every dock-yard in England. We are looking on.

In a few years, common sense tells us that the carrying trade between this country and Europe will be almost altogether performed by propellers.

What are we to do for them? We are building none; the English are awake, and must sweep our ships from the face of the sea. How do our merchants and ship-builders like the prospect?

Several grave errors have been committed by the projectors and proprietors of our Atlantic lines. They have looked to Congress for aid, and in one instance that aid has been obtained, on a foolish cry of protection to American enterprise, to the manifest detriment of the very interest it was intended to encourage, and to the perversion of the first principle of our political system. They have looked more to empty triumphs of speed, than to solid triumphs of safety and reliableness. They have too often sacrificed the machinery to the brilliancy of the decorations, and made their ships resemble ignorant fools dressed in the extreme of the fashion, with a brainless head and *Alexandre* gloves. They have too frequently so far forgotten the first principle of success in the United States

as to adapt their ships to the small class of rich men, and to that class alone. Finally, they have had the folly to appeal to the patriotic feeling of their countrymen as their best claim to support; as though any people, in the long run, would run risk, or endure discomfort, or even pay extra prices, for the mere sake of helping along their fellow-countrymen.

It is to be hoped that these errors will be avoided by the owners of future steamboat lines established in this country; until they are, failure may be boldly predicted.

The mastery of the Atlantic may be as easily won for American propellers as it was for American sailing packets. All that is needed is the first impulse. But we gravely fear that, unless that be soon given, Britannia will in reality rule the seas again—at least so far as the Atlantic is concerned.

AMERICANS TO RULE AMERICA.

During the past week a new and striking light has been thrown on the attitude of Great Britain in reference to this continent. Lord Napier, in a speech given elsewhere, implies that a new régime of cordial co-operation with the United States has been inaugurated. Mr. Caleb Cushing, in his great Newburyport speech, declares positively that England consents to our ruling America, in return for our sufferance of her Asiatic extension; while the most friendly expressions, and the kindest wishes for General Walker's success in Nicaragua, are ascribed, on very good authority, to Lord Clarendon.

It looks as if the great idea of international tolerance and common sense had suddenly burst upon our British friends, and as if we had heard the last of their meddling on this continent. Such a change, while it would be fraught with no small advantage in the shape of peace of mind and economy of power to this country, would be fully as beneficial in the long run to England, as it would extend her markets, further her trade, and swell her influence. Were the institutions of the United States introduced into all the Spanish countries of America, we have no doubt that the beneficial result would be felt in every manufacturing town and shipping port in England. But perhaps we must wait a little longer ere we assume that the old captious spirit which has flourished for many a century, and has done so much harm, has really gone to its rest.

DECLINE AND FALL OF HOTEL LIFE.

A change is progressing among us which, though imperceptible by the careless observer, is quite obvious to the watchful student of social city life. Hotels, as residences, are on the decline. A taste for domesticity seems to have sprung up; our women, as Colonel Benton would say, are growing more industrious, and appreciative of home. Those monstrous palaces of gorgeous sloth and immoral ease—the first-class hotels—are subsiding into their legitimate sphere as receptacles for the traveling public: resident bachelors still—wisely perhaps—hang their hats there; but the number of families that live there from January to December is diminishing monthly. The last and best of the down-town houses—the father of the great hotels—the Astor House—has just adopted the English plan of having an eating-house attached, where you may dine alone at any price from fifty cents to five dollars. This innovation deals the death-blow to the old system of family life at hotels.

Let us thank Heaven for the sign. Wise and thoughtful men are apt to say that if any danger overhangs this republic, it is not from the Slavery Question, not from State enmities, not from the Mormons, or the Secessionists, or any other political entity, but from the steady decline of great-heartedness, and mental sobriety, and habits of usefulness among our women. It is a common remark that American ladies, in "good society," are rapidly becoming unfit not only to be mothers, but to be wives, and members of society at all. It is loudly asserted that they are not only incapable, from physical and mental weakness, of extending parental care to their children, and womanly counsel and comfort to their husbands, but that they can not, as a general rule, discharge satisfactorily any one of the functions for which they were sent into the world—can neither work, nor talk, nor cook, nor make a bed, nor form a rational judgment on passing events, nor interchange sensible ideas. We know not what truth this very common opinion may contain; but we are well assured that for the evidence on which it rests hotel life is in a large degree answerable.

A few years ago, a very considerable number of families in this city resided habitually at hotels. The men went to their business in the morning, and were absent all day. The women had nothing to do, and did nothing. Idleness, growing by indulgence, became their ruling passion: women with one or two children, living in this or that great hotel, were incapable of making their children's clothes, and spent their whole life in gossiping with people of both sexes who were as idle as themselves. Utter freedom from care—the excitement of the *table d'hôte* and the drawing-room—the contact with persons of undesirable antecedents—eternal idleness—perilous associations of idle women—could not but have produced phenomena such as the advocates of the above-mentioned ungallant theory quote in support of their views.

Let us be thankful that this cause, at least, is being partially removed. Eating-houses are a barrier which no female can cross: and, let us say it boldly, man is an ill-natured brute, and, like a dog, would rather feed alone than with his wife. The main pillar of family hotel life was the *table d'hôte;* destroy that, and of necessity the women will have homes. Those who can not afford to hire a whole house alone, will take a boarder or two; but all will have homes, where necessity will compel them to practice the high virtues of industry, economy, and usefulness.

CHAT.

TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT.

The worthy Massachusetts parson who, on opening the term of the Supreme Court of the State with prayer, according to Puritan usage, put up, among others, the petition that "all the decisions of the Court might be *overruled* for the best good of the commonwealth," ought to have been chaplain to our last Legislature. Political casuists may dispute over the vexed question whether the world in general is governed too much, but it can not be doubted that we unfortunates of the Empire City are overdosed with legislation. Fortunately the hundred and three days of representative despotism at Albany came to an end before the final ruin of all our friends and fellow-citizens who group themselves under the comfortable title of "property-owners" was completed, but they had a narrow escape. It was pitiable to see them, under the direful apprehension that the bill for the relief of Broadway and other measures of threatening import might be "rushed through," rushing themselves from warm beds in those bitter April mornings, to catch the early express for Albany, hurrying from car to Capitol, plunging into the cabals of the lobby with desperate energy, hanging, day after day, on the skirts of Senate and Assembly, utterly bewildered in the whirl of legislative tactics, seeing nothing but confusion in every point of order, and nothing but future ruin in every previous question. Well! Broadway is unrelieved, and the property-owners are relieved; and for what they did not do we should all be very grateful to our representatives. What they did, every body has been trying to find out to its full extent for the last fortnight. We have vague notions that every thing municipal is different from what it was; that every body can be his own witness; that a new City Hall is going to be built; that the old police are going out; that the lawyers are to have no more large bills of costs; that an army of Port Wardens is to encamp along the wharves; that the Central Park is to be regulated; that the Arsenal is to be sold and the Quarantine sold; and there are some intimations, judging from the complexion of the Police Board, that the Republican Democrats have already been sold. As to actual results from all this legislation, the first and only visible fruits, thus far, are: an injunction suit between Mayor Wood and the new Commissioners of Police in actual progress; another in prospect between the Insurance Companies and the new Port Wardens; and a tremendous commotion among the oystermen of Staten Island at the proposal of planting that sanitary safety-valve, the Quarantine, in the midst of the bivalves of Prince's Bay. There is great quaking in the shoes of our brethren of the bar. The Legislature, it appears, had an attack of that chronic spite against the lawyers to which it is subject, and the profession has been stabbed again under the fifth rib, which any one acquainted with its anatomy knows very well is—costs, the four upper and seven lower ribs being also—costs. This work of cutting down costs has been prosecuted with so much vigor so many times that it is quite amazing that there is any thing left for the legislative scalpel. This time the operation is said to have been thoroughly performed. The practical result is, that every client must now pay just as much if he succeeds in his suit as he formerly had to pay if he was beaten. A very comfortable prospect for a man with a good case. After passing a law so exceedingly provocative of bad humor and profanity, it seems quite a work of supererogation to have passed another giving every man the privilege of swearing in his own suit!

On the whole, we commiserate the various classes of our fellow-citizens who have been legislated at and legislated for, legislated into office and legislated out of office, during the session of 1857, and we are tempted to reverse the oracular couplet of Goldsmith:

> How small of all that human hearts endure,
> The part which kings or laws can cause or cure?

and lay most of the evils of the body politic at the door of King Lobby and our law-makers.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

If Mr. Vincent Crummles, when he lamented over the lack of appreciation of theatricals which compelled the Infant Phenomenon to appear in the Fairy Porcupine, as originally performed by her, and repeat three of her most popular characters to a house of only £4 12*s*., could have looked forward to the recent Dramatic Fund Dinner and the clerical discourse which signalized it, what a flush of inspiration it would have sent through his prophetic soul to his flabby cheeks and brandy-and-watering eyes! The Theatre, at last, has the benefit of clergy. The legitimate Drama has been re-legitimatized, the Rev. Dr. Bellows standing godfather on the occasion. We do not understand him as extending the sanctions of the pulpit to pantomime, melo-drama, or the performing elephants; but he enters the lists against all orthodoxy as the champion of high tragedy, genteel comedy, and popular farce, and may be regarded as the special patron of the rather heavy gentlemen and rather light ladies who figure in these departments. It is needless to say that the actors make a great cry over their new colleague. A live clergyman, a Christian gentleman and scholar, a man of social mark and influence, is a rare recruit in the service of the stage. It is the latest novelty; better for the managers than transparencies or fire-works, or the puffs of the press. A little earlier, and it might have saved Mrs. M'Mahon, and kept Mrs. Howe's five acts of seduction and slaughter a week longer before the public.

Our city clergy, as a class, are good writers, good preachers, and good men; but they are apt to be wonderfully deficient in that practical knowledge of the world which abounds in their congregations. Dr. Bellows displays an amiable verdancy, in his new alliance with the Theatre, almost as refreshing as that which characterized the romantic friendship of Dr. Primrose with the versatile Mr. Jenkinson. He recalls his boyish theatrical experiences; and after a quarter or third of a century's absence from the Theatre, he is all at once stage-struck again, and wonders why every white neckcloth should not, with his own, adorn, not exactly the third tier, but some snug corner of the parquette or private box. These first appearances of the clergy in any theatre are intended partly for their own entertainment, partly for the general good of the community, but chiefly as a new lever for that old enterprise, the elevation of the Drama. All this may be very good-natured; but to say the least of it, and apart from the point of view from which the religious press level their batteries against its promoter, it is rather green. Just as if the Theatre of Dr. Bellows's imagination, stocked with sole reference to raising the genius and mending the heart, was any thing like the actual Theatre as it is in fact and must be of necessity, so long as it remains an element of city life, with its constituency of vice, more or less flagrant according to the class for whose amusement it caters, with its *Dame aux Camelias* as the type of its literature and its personations, stimulating to the very excesses for which, in its invariable accessories, it affords the fullest gratification. Actors and actresses may or may not be better or worse than many of the outrageously virtuous or the really virtuous who denounce their calling, but the Theatre as an institution, as a fact in the social economy of New York or London, or Paris to-day, is not to be purified or whitewashed by any process of clerical kalsomine. It is not to be lectured into virtue against all its traditions, all its interest, and all its inclinations, or coaxed into the decencies of the pulpit; you might almost as well take some veteran pander from the stews,

> "So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane,"

and bring him into the home circle as the chosen exemplar of your sons and daughters, or set him to teaching little boys and girls in the Sunday-school.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A WELCOME FOR SPRING.

The long nights are over—the terrible long, weary, frozen nights, so awful to the poor. The ghastly fire-places which, during the hard winter, were only sometimes lit by a sickly flame, scarce bright enough to reveal the transparency of the thin hands that strove to warm themselves around them—those sad mockeries of comfort—have had their season, and very soon a few green boughs gathered on Sundays at Hoboken will hide those melancholy hearths.

None of you, young ladies, I say, who delight in the advent of spring because it brings with it violets for your bouquets, and French muslins and vapory bonnets—none of you know with what delight the tenderly warm days and fresh-breathing nights are welcomed by those who have little or no money in their pockets. The winter had no terrors for you. If the snow came, it brought with it sleighs, and sable tippets, and bear-skin wrappers, merry talk, bells tinkling on the icy wind, and tumblers of spiced wine at Woodlawn. If the sullen skies poured with the cold, searching rain, you had your carriage to take you where you listed, and there were no treacherous, death-dropping leaks in the frescoed ceilings of your rooms. If you went out, the precious citadels of your delicate bosoms were trebly fortified against all elemental assaults with ramparts of ermine, sable, gray fox, almost as costly as the fortifications of a city. If you staid at home, what luxurious easy chairs you had in which to dream away the hours! What bright fires made the long nights cheerful! There are those who welcome spring more honestly than you!

If you had passed the winter like that poor girl who lives in Mulberry Street, and who earns a miserable daily pittance by making cheap shirts—if you had lived her life of monotonous misery, I say, spring would be indeed dear to you; her vernal robe would wear a brighter green; the violets that lie upon her bosom would have a sweeter odor; the birds that love her and follow her would enchant you with their pipings.

Poor girl! the stars that peep through her creviced garret-roof—types of the all-seeing eye of God—alone know what she suffered. The thin, starved fingers—so thin that they might almost have supplied the place of the needles that they worked with—busy, busy, night and day; clicking bonily one against the other in their ceaseless machine-work; traveling restlessly over wristband and collar-band, plait and button-hole, as if they never would reach the goal where they might touch the miserable few cents that they earned. The weary travel, in their broken shoes, down the wet streets to Chatham Street; the despairing chaffering with the brutal clothes-dealer; the anguished heart, when the scoundrel cheated her of the paltry difference in her pay, which was to her more than life; the bad food, which was stinted in order to supply the bad fire; the days always the coldest—for there is a remorseless fatality in the misfortunes that attend the poor—when there was no fire; the superhuman efforts which the numbed fingers made to perform their daily work—alas! my young friend, to whom summer brings only Newport and Saratoga, can you imagine the joy with which that poor girl welcomes the first ray of spring sunlight piercing her broken roof?

I fear much that your sympathy extends not beyond calico balls. If you, and each of your companions, were to sacrifice that new dress which you purchased to wear at the bachelor's ball the other night, do you know how many aching hearts the proceeds of those voluminous skirts would relieve? If you were not a female, I would trouble you with a calculation; but a woman's heart should be above arithmetic, and you ought not to need the rule of three to convince you of the duty of being charitable.

Sweet Spring! I bid you welcome from the depths of my heart. Not because I shall see Mrs. Honiton more beautiful than ever in aerial muslins and impalpable shawls; not because Dimes has surrounded himself with a wondrous collection of trowsers of delicate hues, and dreams of angelic waistcoats; but because you brighten lonely attics with the light of your sweet blue eyes; because your warm breath blows blandly over the shivering limbs of the poor; because you chase away the remorseless, cruel winter, who beat upon the homeless sleepers in the streets, and filled with icy currents of air the fireless chamber of the seamstress. Mother and nurser of the sweetest flowers that grow! sorceress who awakes the sleeping woods! leader of the sweet orchestra of birds! it is for this I bid you welcome!

LES CELIBATAIRES.

As the season of balls draws to a close, it of course grows more brilliant. The ball season is like a display of fire-works. Catherine wheels rival Bengal lights; Roman candles blaze in opposition to Persian fountains; but the triumph is reserved for "*le bouquet.*" Then the entire resources of the pyrotechnical establishment are brought into play, and the entertainment terminates in a colossal illumination.

Fast on the heels of the opera ball—that festive dish upon which the fashionable world rushed pell-mell, hungry with the long fast of Lent, the moment the season of mortification was over—fast on its heels came the ball of the bachelors—an admirable institution, by which every young man in society is supposed, by a subscription of ten dollars, to pay off all the obligations contracted by him to hospitable entertainers during the winter. No doubt the title—Bachelor's Ball—is very *piquant* to young ladies. There is a promise of matrimony in the sound. Celibacy is supposed to be rampant on that evening, and numberless must be the opportunities for enterprising young ladies to accomplish the chief end of woman.

If I were a student in the school of the great Brown—who, be it known to all men by these presents, presided on the occasion—I would furnish you with a list of the costumes of the young ladies, and spice the account, after the elegant and refined style of the *Herald*, with choice paragraphs about "the interesting *tête-à-tête* which took place in the corridor between the lovely and refined Miss X—— and the gay and dashing Mr. Z——." But as I have no talent for scandal, I resign the task to the watering-place reporters. I was much amused, however, by my friend De Medici—a lineal descendant of the celebrated Lorenzo, but whose family have been settled here for many generations—whom I found, previous to the commencement of the German, leaning mournfully against a door. I knew that one thing alone could account for his listlessness at that eventful epoch. He had lost his partner for the dance.

"Hallo, De Medici!" I cried; "why are you not dancing the German?"

A smile of contempt passed over his pale face, and, with air of great dignity, he replied:

"The German, my dear fellow, is used up. It is nothing but German—German every where. A few of us have determined to suppress the thing. So you see—"

"But," I interrupted, "it is ungallant of you not to dance when there is that pretty Louisa Romaney without a partner."

De Medici's face suddenly lost all its sublime indifference as he asked eagerly, "Are you sure she isn't engaged?"

"She was engaged a week ago to young Croton Poole, but he sprained his ankle yesterday at the gymnasium, and can't dance."

"By Jove! I think I'll try a turn with her," said my young friend, hurrying off as fast as he could, for at a large ball a disengaged young lady is in request about "German-time."

I laughed as he went off. With all his youthful finesse the young fellow was not proof against my ruse. I found out afterward that he had been engaged for a month before to the pretty Agnes Halibut, who did not come to the ball on account of the death of her rich uncle, old Dolphin, who left her fifty thousand. She was weeping for him no doubt, poor thing, while we were enjoying ourselves at the ball.

SCHILLER'S "GLOVE" REVISED.

We all know the ballad of the German poet relative to the glove. We have all sympathized with the brave young knight who leaps down into the lion's den to pick it up, and have all abused the heartless young lady who made him do it. There was a new glove incident that happened at the Bachelor's Ball, which, if I was a Schiller, I would put into moving verse. Young B——, who never dances, but who looks after the brandy and the supper very assiduously, while wandering in search of refreshment stumbled into a small dark room off one of the corridors in Niblo's, where the ball was held. He had scarcely entered when he heard a suspicious whispering that gave him notice that he had no business there. Too honorable to play the eavesdropper, he was retiring, when his foot

caught in something soft. He stooped down, picked up a glove that lay on the floor, and retreated precipitately. Full of his adventure, he went to all his bachelor friends and told them the joke.

"Now," said he to Tom, Dick, and Harry, "you watch me, and you will see how I will discover who was in the room."

So Tom, Dick, and Harry, chuckling over the anticipated fun, watched him as he went from young lady to young lady asking them if they had not dropped a glove. All denied having lost any such article. At last he came to a group of cheerful and innocent maidens who were talking merrily together.

"Did any of you drop a glove?" said B—— with his wicked smile, Tom, Dick, and Harry looking on all the while.

"Oh yes! I did," said one young lady springing forward, and Tom, Dick, and Harry beheld B——'s own sister reclaiming the tell-tale glove. Some people say it served B—— right for endeavoring to expose a young lady. Be that as it may, Tom, Dick, and Harry spread it all over town the next morning.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Predominance of the Religious Sentiment.—We have already incidentally alluded to the revival of the religious sentiment among the masses of Europe and America, indeed throughout the world. It is a marked sign of the times, and, we judge, an omen for good. Two decisive evidences of this are found in the fact, that religious and ecclesiastical affairs now constitute a prominent department in the secular press of the world, and the leading journals of the great capitals are prominent in this matter—a few years ago a religious paragraph was rarely seen in a secular paper; and farther, that religious and ecclesiastical matters are, by their deep and abiding interest, forcing themselves still more and more into the civil and political action of States. We alluded last week to the strange influence of this religious question in the elections for a new Parliament in England, growing out of the defeat of Ministers on the Chinese war question. Every body asked, what has this to do with religious and ecclesiastical affairs? Whether we can give a satisfactory answer or not, it is plainly undeniable that the religious element will determine the complexion of the next Parliament. We see by late European papers that the Roman Catholic clergy and people had entered openly and heartily into the canvass; and the Christian Alliance, which represents the genuine Protestantism of Europe, has come out publicly in opposition to the Roman Catholic political movement. So that the Protestant and Catholic causes are fairly in the field, face to face, under cover of the Chinese war. This is, indeed, a strange state of things; but that our readers may comprehend the *animus* which decided the late elections to a great extent, we give some extracts from the address of "The Protestant Alliance to the Electors:"

Fellow Protestants,—You are summoned once more to exercise your constitutional privileges. On your votes will depend the character of the Legislature to whose control the interests of the country will be committed for years to come. The time, therefore, demands a few words of suggestion and encouragement.

The Committee do not presume to interfere with particular elections, or to uphold one political party in the State in preference to another. They confine themselves to their proper province of endeavoring to stimulate all to consider, in the votes they give, those higher sources of national prosperity which are connected with the maintenance of Scriptural truth.

It can not be doubted that the Romanists, both priests and people, will be influenced in the coming election, chiefly by the hope of advancing their Church, which, by the skillful use of political power, they have already advanced; and every effort will be made by them to return candidates pledged to forward, or at least not to oppose, the interests of Rome. This course being invariably pursued by them, no alternative is left to Protestants but, in self-defense, to use their political influence for upholding Protestant truth and Protestant liberty.

The great aim of the Romanist party at present appears to be, in the first place, to secure the largest possible amount of public money to their schools, reformatories, and priests, under the title of Chaplains to the Naval and Military Forces, and to workhouses; and, in the second place, to secure the appointment of the Romanizing section in the Church of England to places of power and influence. Any Ministry which will promise these things will be sure to obtain their ardent support.

Such being the case, it is clear that the essential qualifications of candidates for whom Protestants can vote, are: a firm determination to resist the support of Papal establishments from the national taxes, and equally firm resolve to discountenance the Romanizing party within the Church of England.

The great want of the times is a House of Commons thoroughly imbued with the principles of the Reformation, to which, under God, England owes its greatness and liberty. Your suffrages, therefore, should be reserved for sincere and intelligent Protestants, whose past lives have proved that they have not now for the first time to learn what Popery is.

In thus reminding you of your principles, and their legitimate application to the present day, the Committee are actuated both by the regard to Scriptural truth, and their love of civil and religious liberty.

Remember your principles. Stand by them in the day of trial; vote for true men; and you will thus secure for this country the highest effort of enlightened patriotism—a Protestant Parliament.

By order of the Committee.

9 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, London, *March*, 1857.

The Sabbath and the Election.—The English idea of the Sabbath and the Continental are in conflict. The English requires the day to be kept holy; the Continental regards it as a day of recreation rather. The religious element in this particular exercised some influence on the late elections in England.

Young Women's Christian Associations.—It is to be wished that Christian civilization provided all the daughters of Christendom with safe homes in the bosom of the family. There is their proper place. But since this is not done, perhaps can not be done, in the present state of the world, it may be well for women who must depend on themselves to combine in Christian Associations after the example of Young Men's Christian Associations. At all events, we learn from the British *Banner* that a Young Women's Association has been formed in London.

The object is to furnish suitable means for the social, mental, and spiritual elevation of the young women of the metropolis, and the plan pursued is similar to that of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street. Periodicals, religious and other newspapers, and writing materials, are furnished out of the funds of the Association. Bible-classes are open to all who are disposed to attend. On Sunday afternoon tea is provided, free of expense. A singing-class is conducted on the tonic sol-fa system. A lecture is delivered every week in the Lecture-hall of the Sunday School Union, Old Bailey. Classes for mental improvement are held. A library of upward of 300 choice works has been purchased, to which additions will be made from time to time, according to the means of the committee.

American Missionaries in Persia.—These have lately experienced both sorrow and joy. They have been made sad by the death of one of their number, Rev. D. T. Stoddard, of Oroomiah, and they have been made glad by an entire change in the late policy of the Persian Government toward them. They have liberty to re-open their schools, and to resume their labors every where, with promise of protection by the military, if necessary; and, what we should little have expected, it is said that the Russian representatives in Persia have contributed much to this result.

A new Roman Catholic Power.—The *Civita Cattolica*, the organ of the Jesuits in Rome, says that a vast association, embracing all orders of the people, and extending itself over all points of the country, has just been formed in Switzerland on the model of the *Pius verein*, the association which has been the chief promoter of the Roman Catholic movement in Germany.

ONE OF MY LOVERS, AND WHY I DISLIKED HIM.

"At San Francisco, California, by the Rev. Charles Rush, Edward Irving, Esq., to Miss Sarah Shaw. New York papers please copy."

Yesterday morning I received a paper addressed to me in a hand formerly very familiar, with this particular matrimonial notice carefully underlined. Of Miss Sarah Shaw I could boast no knowledge whatever, but E. Irving, Esq., I knew very well indeed. In days of yore he was an admirer of mine, but one I never could endure. Our mothers had been friends in their youth, and that naturally led to an intimacy between the young people of both families. I had known the Irving girls, Anna and Louisa, long before I happened to become acquainted with the brothers, who spent much time away from home in the pursuit of their several studies. We young ladies were in the habit of exchanging visits. They lived a short distance from the city, at a pretty place on the North River, and I often spent two or three weeks with them; while they would make our house their head-quarters when business or pleasure called them to New York.

Our friendship progressed as that of young ladies generally does. We listened to each other's best performances on the piano with envy or contempt; in secret we rather despised each other's "style of beauty," and while each vowed she could never "go shopping" without the other, neither of us ever selected what the other had advised. Miss Louisa would take me into her confidence on the subject of her numerous admirers. She had several, or at least said she had; and I have no doubt it was true, for she was very pretty and lively, and was thought, in her own family particularly, to have charming manners. For my part, I had nothing of that sort to confide, having scarcely emerged from school, and being too much occupied with my masters and their lessons to know any thing about the state of my heart, or to guess even that I had such a thing in my possession. Indeed I was younger than Louisa, and at our age, sixteen or eighteen, a year or two makes a great difference in girlish experiences.

We would sit over the fire at night, brushing our hair, while we discussed life in general, and matrimony in particular. Louisa would also give me her principles and opinions on the important topics of "encouragement" and "repression," "acceptance and refusal" of gentlemen, with whom, she said, she always wished to be perfectly honorable, and never to favor hopes that could not possibly be realized. We should be very careful, she thought, and it was impossible to be *too* careful of our conduct toward those who were at our feet. Her plans and arrangements were complete either for "encouragement" or "refusal," as the case might require, or circumstances might decide; and, of course, she looked forward, as I did also, to various occasions of putting our tenets into practice. After much reflection and consideration, weighing our own feelings, and conjecturing what those of the "opposite sex" might be, it was decided by Louisa that it was preferable to *accept* an offer by word of mouth, but that a *refusal* was more agreeable, or rather less disagreeable, when written. Gentlemen, perhaps, might decide otherwise, but she seemed to think it less painful to decline an honor of that kind in delicate terms and a fair Italian hand, than by a clear-sounding and positive "No." While in a case of acceptance, if the aspirant were an agreeable person, the "Yes," might be softly whispered, you know, and then we might have the pleasure of raising him from his knees, on which, of course, he would be; and then, having taken the precaution, in the first instance, to be seated on a sofa or divan, the accepted suitor would slide gracefully into a seat beside us, when he might be permitted to pass an arm round our waists, and after that, if our hair was in good curl, we might hide our embarrassment by resting our head on the manly shoulder that was henceforth to protect us—"just as you read in novels," concluded Louisa, turning her black ringlets round her finger.

Whether either part of this programme has ever been carried out, I can not say; but I suspect not, for Louisa is still unmarried, and I must own that I myself have never been able to carry any part of it into action exactly as she intended it should be done.

During one of my country visits, and in the midst of these confidences, Edward returned home, after some years' absence at college. I was asked if I thought him handsome, but I could only say something about "interesting" and "gentlemanly."

Did I not think he had a graceful bow?

I did not venture to say No; but, in point of fact, Edward's bend of salutation was made precisely in the same way as the nod of a Dutch doll. Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, I was really thankful for any thing in the way of a novelty, for I was growing tired of our familiar walks and monotonous gossip, with knitting and embroidery every evening, while an "improving work" was read aloud by one of us, in turn.

But if I expected to escape improvement through the advent of this young gentleman, I was mistaken. Edward was just at twenty—an age when young men are sometimes seriously inclined to study. He was anxious, I believe, to learn, and still more anxious, I was sorry to find, to teach; so that, after a short time, I found myself more patronized than ever. And I really was not ignorant enough to require such incessant instruction! But that was Edward's way of "paying attentions."

If we passed a mound in the fields, he would seize upon the circumstance as a text to ask whether we knew what a tumulus was? or an ancient barrow? If Louisa happened to forget, it did not follow that my memory was equally imperfect. But that was no matter. Thereupon we would be favored with a long chapter from Roman history, perhaps, addressed chiefly to me, by way of showing a tender interest.

Then he would take me to task about my reading. It was desultory, he said—much too desultory. I ought to commence a course, beginning with Rollin and descending to Hallam. In vain I urged I had read both with all due attention. No matter; I had probably not taken extracts at the time. He would write me a list of necessary studies, which, if properly pursued, would lead to the enlargement of my mind, and the strengthening of my intellect. But I rebelled, and refused his tuition.

Then he tried lighter literature, in the shape of "Paradise Lost," which I can not read to this day, in consequence, I am sure, of having been so much worried about it. And finally, he made a pause at "Percy's Reliques," which I knew by heart, and which he generously presented to me (a second-hand copy, by-the-by, of the cheap edition).

Finding poetry more to my taste, he brought forward Tennyson, but there we differed again. And principally about the opening lines of "Locksley Hall," which I still declare to have no meaning, though Edward said it was because I had no imagination.

'Tis the place, and round the gables, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall.

And when I asked what "gleamed" or what "flew" over Locksley Hall, he said if I really could not feel it, it was impossible to explain it to me.

By-and-by I returned home to New York, and Edward also established himself in the city, and gave us much of his society. But he was but a weak escort to parties, for he could neither waltz nor "polk," and made himself very unamiable when any of us did so. Nor was he better at other amusements; for if we gave him a seat in our box at the opera, which was then in Astor Place, he invariably went off to sleep in a corner, and made us regret the space that others would have occupied more agreeably. By-and-by came the Exhibition season, and if we had season tickets, Edward would obligingly offer his escort; otherwise not. But we disputed over the pictures at the Academy as we did over books. Indeed, the first gallery he attended with us was quite a black-letter day in our—friendship. For, looking at the portrait of a handsome lady, a well-known belle at that time, another gentleman—a friend—observed it was very like me. Edward manifested much uneasiness at this remark; and no sooner had the indiscreet person wandered out of hearing than he led me again to the portrait, and begged I would not take too literally such an observation. It must have been said, he reminded me, in a spirit of mere politeness; and if I would look at the portrait closely, I would see the features were much more regular than mine. There might be a slight resemblance about the eyes, but nothing farther, he assured me.

He was very much afraid I should think myself pretty, poor fellow! But did he suppose I was blind, or that I did not look in the glass as often as other young maidens? Did he fancy I was not completely alive to the effect of my new spring toilet, as shown too that very morning in the undisguised admiration of his own dull eyes? I distinctly remember that the dress was becoming, and that I looked remarkably well; it was light green silk, with a cardinal cape, such as young ladies wore then, and a simple white chip hat, with charming chenille rose-buds inside. Those buds *were* very becoming, and I have often tried since, without success, to find something similar, under the delusion that I might look as pretty once more, if I had only them!

And the more people looked at me in the crowded street, as we walked home, the more Edward frowned and fumed, till, by the time we arrived there, I had decided he was by far the most disagreeable young man I ever knew.

Once he took me and my sisters to Niblo's, and one New-Year's Day he presented us each with one pair of gloves, mine of so brilliant a shade of blue that I was obliged to deprive myself of the pleasure of wearing them.

Time passed, and still we went on differing, and quarreling, as often as not on the most abstract subjects, yet treated by Edward with dogmatism and personal concern. He thought young ladies should have a taste for information, but should not come to conclusions unwarranted by their gentlemen friends. By-and-by these storms which I only laughed at, settled into a calmer state of mind, and Edward seemed to fancy we had fought our way to a thorough understanding and appreciation of one another, and that it required but a little positive demonstration on his part to make our communion mutual and indivisible. Why is it some men *will* fancy every body is ready to marry them, if they will only trouble themselves to ask? It *is* the case sometimes, I know. But it is so often the contrary, that surely it would be worth while to make some little intimations of regard, and see first how they were received, before coming to such positive convictions.

Edward was one of the cautious kind. He thought himself so desirable a *partie* that it was necessary for him to be careful. If, in an unguarded moment, he pressed your hand, it caused him agonies of self-reproach. He feared he had gone too far. And if he mentioned the word "heart" he would check himself hastily, fearing to compromise us all. He was very happy and composed too, in his self-esteem, for the presence of other young men never seemed much to disturb him. But when I had married the one among them who most interested me, he informed a mutual friend that he had been "very shamefully jilted!"—a man who never asked me whether I even liked him, or dared to suggest that he liked me, and could not bear any one to tell me I was even good-looking! I must say that was not my idea of a lover, much less of an accepted one.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it—
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folk sit in the sun,
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood—
That has soothed her in many a care—
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime!

And, looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm!

Like a bridal pair, they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle-country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished spring-time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams can not find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The event of the day is the elections in England. Steamers, railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, books, and civilization, have so far effaced national boundaries, that great political events in one leading nation affect all leading nations: the establishment of the French empire is an interesting change to Englishmen and Americans; Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural is of vital moment to the maritime powers of Europe; and we, on our side, can not affect indifference to the constitutional revolution which has just taken place within the realm of the Queen of England. No small part of our own prosperity, progress, and happiness, may depend on the character of the House of Commons which has just been elected. We are glad, therefore, to be able to present our readers with a couple of sketches of English elections, and with an excellent portrait of Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Our country friends may be glad of some information about the elective system in England. It is in many respects a very curious machine.

The House of Commons is in one point of view more, in another, less despotic, than our House of Representatives in Congress. It can be dissolved at any moment by the sovereign or his ministers, and herein lies its inferiority to the House at Washington. But it is, practically, the sole legislative authority in the kingdom, and herein lies its superiority over all other legislative bodies in the world. This exclusive power is implied, not expressed. Nominally, the government of Great Britain consists of King, Lords, and Commons; no law can be passed without the sanction of all three, and the Parliament can not, as with us, by any majority, howsoever great, pass a bill over the monarch's veto. But in practice the sovereign never interposes his veto obstinately, for it is well known that the issue of such a contest would be revolution. And as to the Lords, when they differ with the Commons, it is well understood that they may be swamped by the creation of new peers: this has been done once or twice, and would have been done on the passage of the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws, had not the Lords receded from their opposition. A bill to deny the king the right of creating peers for this purpose was emphatically rejected in the reign of George the First. So that, in fact, the English have but one legislative body—the House of Commons. The other two "branches" are mere ornamental twigs of the tree of State.

This House of Commons consists of six hundred and fifty odd members, chosen from England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. They are of two classes: knights of the shire, and citizens and burgesses representing cities and boroughs. The knights of the shire are the county members, who formed, centuries ago, the nucleus of the British Parliament. Henry the Sixth, in days now impossible to remember, fixed the qualification for an elector of a knight of the shire at a freehold worth forty shillings a year. It illustrates British conservatism finely to know that this qualification still survives, though the forty shillings have hugely changed in value. By the Reform Act, passed under William the Fourth, that curious class of semi-tenants semi-freeholders known to English law as copy-holders, were allowed to vote, if their copyhold represented $50 a year; and lessees obtained the franchise by paying $50, where their leases were for sixty years, or $250 where they were for twenty years. These four classes of persons then—freeholders of $10, copy-holders of $50, lessees of $50, and tenants of $250 a year—constitute the present electors of the knights of the shire in Great Britain. The knights themselves must be able to swear at the time they take their seats that they are worth $3000 a year, in real or personal estate. But there is nothing to prevent their obtaining a temporary transfer of property in order to qualify; indeed, a bill to prevent such evasions of the law was summarily rejected; and poor men openly adopt this mode of entering Parliament.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

So much for this class of members. The other class—the representatives of cities and boroughs—is very peculiar. Representation is not based on population in England. When Simon of Montfort first invented borough representatives, he picked out the boroughs which he wanted to see represented in Parliament, and bade them choose good men and true. The practice survived him. When a new Parliament was wanted, the king sent word to each sheriff to have borough and city members elected throughout his bailiwick. He exercised his discretion as to which boroughs and cities should send members; and of course he took care to omit such offending boroughs as were hostile to the Government. By degrees, the constituencies got into such shape that there were, at the commencement of the present century, boroughs sending a member to Parliament which could only count three or four qualified electors, while towns like Manchester, with a population of thousands, had no representative at all. About half the House of Commons was notoriously nominated by the peers. This lasted till the Reform Act, in 1832. By that famous act the constituencies were remodeled. Many of the old boroughs without adequate population (called rotten boroughs) were disfranchised. Many towns till then unrepresented were erected into constituencies. An attempt was made to proportion representation to population. But the authors of the Reform Act were politicians as well as statesmen, Whigs as well as Reformers. They took care not to disfranchise Whig boroughs, and, while conceding the suffrage to several large towns, to calculate the effect of the boon on the prospects of their party. Hence, now, the disproportion between population and representation is almost as great as it was before 1832—the act being inflexible, and framed without regard to the growth or decline of particular places.

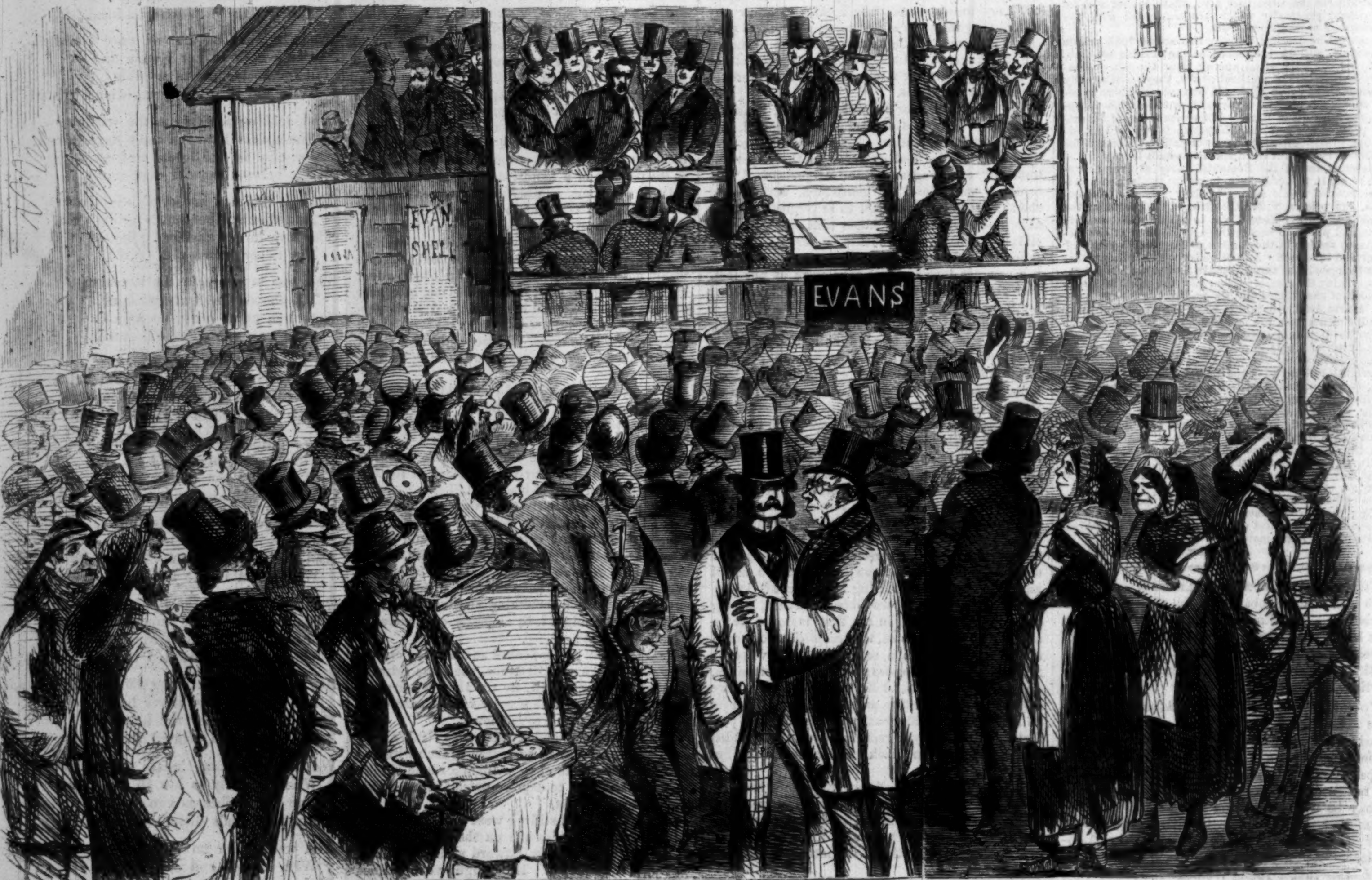
Those only who occupy a tenement worth $50 a year can vote for city or borough members. The members themselves must own property, at the time they take their seats, worth $1500 a year; but this provision is openly evaded, as in the case of the county members.

Thus it will be perceived that lodgers, and the bulk of the operatives of Great Britain, are without votes. Fifty dollars a year rent in England is, perhaps, equal to three or four times as much in this country; the current rates of wages for persons subsisting by manual labor seldom permit them to pay so much. The effect is best seen, perhaps, by a comparison of numbers. The population of England and Wales at the time of the last general election, in 1852, was 17,927,609: the number of persons who voted was 341,840. Throwing out three-fourths of the population, according to the usual rule, for women and children, we have a round number of four millions and a half of adult males, who would all have voted in this country. Of these 4,500,000, it appears by the parliamentary returns that 918,683 were registered voters—one in five. Assuming that the adult males in this country are 6,000,000 in number—one-fourth of the aggregate white population—two-thirds of this number voted for President; while but little over one-third of the registered voters in England voted for members of Parliament. The comparison is instructive.

By the law of England, Parliament must be dissolved every seven years. The old Republicans of the Long Parliament fixed three years as the duration of each house. This was changed at the Restoration; and Charles the Second, having found a particularly pliable and docile Parliament, kept it in being for seventeen years. In 1692 triennial Parliaments were again restored; but in 1717 a septennial act was passed, which is now the law of the land, and against which the Radicals have for years conducted an agitation. In practice, like most English political laws, it is almost a dead letter. Since the beginning of the present century, fourteen Parliaments have sat in England—giving an average of four years' duration to each. Only two have fulfilled their natural term.

Members of Parliament are not paid in England. They were paid by their constituents—who objected very much to the tax, and sighed for disfranchisement—until the end of the reign of Henry the Eighth. Since then they have served their country for honor—and pickings.

Having thus briefly sketched the elective system as worked out in England, we must add that when Parliament is dissolved, or terminates its career by the expiration of its seven years' life, writs issue to the returning officers—sheriffs and mayors—commanding them to see to it that mem-



AN ENGLISH CANDIDATE ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE AT THE NOMINATION.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL RETURNING THANKS TO THE ELECTORS OF LONDON.

bers of Parliament are elected by the several counties, cities, and boroughs, and that their certificate of the names of the members elected is returnes to the proper office by a certain day. Each county and borough selects its own day for nominating and voting for candidates. In counties the poll must be closed after two days' voting; in cities and boroughs, at sunset of the first day. This system produces much confusion which ours avoids.

When any popular agitation flourishes in England—as existed in reference to the repeal of the corn laws—a general organization of voters on party principles is usually effected throughout the kingdom. The Anti-Corn Law League resembled our party organizations, and was represented in every constituency. But in the absence of any powerful agitation, each constituency and each candidate acts independently of the others. Each candidate employs one or more election agents, who are usually attorneys, practiced in the business; they select from their employers' friends a committee of influential names, and work them as required; they study the list of registered voters, and bring machinery to bear on hostile or doubtful men; they do the bribery; they negotiate with ale-houses and coach-drivers; they direct where and by whom speeches are to be made. A fortnight or so before the nomination these worthies proceed to the scene of action and prepare for the fight. The candidate is seldom trotted out much before the nomination. It is better he should not compromise himself.

When the nomination-day comes, an elevated platform, or hustings, is raised in a conspicuous place. On it stand the various candidates with their select friends. The mayor or sheriff announces to the people assembled below that they must proceed to elect a representative, and reads the writ. On this up steps a notable citizen of the place, and proposes Mr. John Smith, whom he pronounces the greatest man of the age. John Smith takes off his hat and makes his speech. Then another notable citizen steps forward, and proposes John Jones, who delivers himself of his views like his predecessor. A third notable citizen may then propose John Robinson, and a fourth John Brown, and so on. When all have been duly proposed, and have delivered themselves of their sentiments, the mayor or sheriff calls upon the people assembled to make their choice, then and there, by show of hands. This they do; and he, after careful inspection of the uplifted palms, duly declares that John Smith and John Jones are the men elect.

At this up starts—as if in great amazement, though he knew it all along, and knew, as every body else did, that the men below were not half of them voters—the proposer of John Robinson, and demands "a poll." The presiding officer assents, and a day is fixed.

The voting, as in Virginia, is *viva voce*, and is open to all the objections with which that system has usually been charged. Large manufacturers, large landed proprietors stand at the poll to see how their workmen and tenants vote. Candidates, with pretty wives, bring them to the poll to talk to voters. Not long since the wife of a British nobleman won an election for her brother by kissing a farmer, whose casting vote decided the day. At the late election Lady John Russell and Lady Palmerston both took an active part. In the country boroughs almost every candidate had his borough carefully canvassed by two or three of the prettiest girls of his acquaintance. How could John Bull resist the imploring accents of a lovely young creature, who was, besides, the daughter of an earl? In many places, the voter is assailed by two of the loveliest little white-gloved hands, and two of the sweetest girlish voices, and two pair of the brightest eyes, whose possessors each implore and entreat him, for her sake, to vote for "her friend and the friend of England." Whatever may be said of political necessities, this plan is undoubtedly the pleasantest.

What is done here by "stumping" is often done there by personal visits. In the small boroughs the candidate often visits every elector between the day of nomination and the election-day. Then the lord or baronet takes his hat off to the butcher and baker, chucks the grocer's daughter under the chin, and kisses the fat face of the farmer's baby. This thorough system of canvass is the more easily effected as the constituencies are small—in comparison with ours ridiculously small. Many of the leading men of England—such as Lord Palmerston, Cobden, Layard, etc.—have sat for boroughs whose entire vote was not over 300. The whole vote polled in the city of London does not exceed 7500, and it is by far the largest constituency in the kingdom. Cobden obtained just 587 votes; Layard, 436; Kinglake was elected with 301; Sir Robert Peel's son, with 530 votes, lost the day by 31; Mr. Gladstone only got 118; Mr. Lowe was elected with 234; and so on. Men of equal calibre in this country would naturally think themselves disgraced if their votes were not counted by tens of thousands.

Here and there, in a particularly intelligent constituency, some stumping is done in England. The late London election reminds us of ours. It was the only one where a regularly appointed committee, on behalf of a political party, put forward a regular party ticket with four names on it. Lord John Russell, who had been omitted from the ticket in consequence of his adverse vote to Lord Palmerston on the Chinese question, appealed to the people, and ran, as we should say, as a stump candidate. The man who had been selected by the committee in his stead was a banker from Northampton, by name Currie. Lord John demolished him with the following apologue:

> If I complain of being badly treated, let me say, that if a gentleman were disposed to part with his butler, his coachman, or his game-keeper, or if a merchant were disposed to part with an old servant, a warehouseman, a clerk, or even a porter, he would say to him, "John, I think your faculties are somewhat decayed; you are growing old; you have made several mistakes, and I think of putting a young man from Northampton in your place." I think a gentleman would behave in that way to his servant, and thereby give John an opportunity of answering, that he thought his faculties were not so much decayed, and that he was able to go on, at all events, some five or six years longer. That opportunity was not given to me. The question was decided in my absence, without any intimation to me; and I come now to ask you and the citizens of London to reverse that decision.

The young man from Northampton flew into a rage, talked of Lord John's "petty wit," and—lost his election.

Another gem of British or rather Irish stump speaking was given at Tipperary. At a meeting of electors there, a huge blacksmith rose and said: "Electors of Tipperary, I have been asked by Archdeacon Laffan, of Fethard, who formerly held the key of this great county by which he let in the Sadliers and the Scullys, to repair his key; but it was a bad one, being made of English iron, and I told him I would not do so for 10,000 sovereigns. I have made a new key, and here it is (lifting it up); it is made of the best Swedish iron, which will not fail; and suspended from it is a green ribbon, bearing on it the words 'Independent Opposition' and 'Tenant Right.' That key I now propose shall be handed over by Mr. John Fanigan to Father Power (the proposer of The O'Donoghue), who shall in future hold the key of this great county." In conformity with the wish of this famed artisan, the magic key was handed to the Rev. John Power.

Some of the stump speakers were not so fortunate. Mr. Smith of Drury Lane ran for Bedford. Before the election, thousands of handbills, highly laudatory of Mr. Smith, arrived from London, and for several days the greatest curiosity was excited by large yellow posters stuck on the walls announcing that the "cat will be let out of the bag by the Man of the People on Monday night at the public meeting." The meeting referred to was held, but when unfortunate Smith rose to address it, the temptation to mew and call for "The cat," "The cat," "Where is the bag?" "He has it in his pocket," etc., etc, was too great for the audience, and Smith—the Man of the People—achieved a monstrous failure.

Another curious English practice is that of returning thanks to the electors through the press. This is almost invariably done, as well by candidates elected as by those who are defeated. It sounds odd to American ears.

Many of the noble candidates have had to apologize for their rank. When Lord Thyme, brother of the Marquis of Bath, who opposed Sidney Herbert, appealed to the electors to forgive him for his youth, adding that they had elected Mr. Herbert when he was twenty-one, a Wiltshire farmer roared: "Yes; but he had a yud (head) on his shoulders, which you haven't," which settled his lordship.

It is yet too soon to speak of the new Parliament. We place but little reliance on the estimates of the newspapers. Near a hundred and fifty new men have been chosen; and besides these, of whom hardly any thing can be predicated with certainty, the Conservatives in a body are changing their ground, and it is hard to say where we may find them. One thing seems certain: The new Parliament will be liberal in its tendencies; in favor of an extension of the franchise, and a curtailment of the privileges of the aristocracy. We see, from the uniform tone of speakers on all sides, that it will be in favor of the most friendly relations with the United States. It is confidently asserted that a large body, perhaps a majority will vote for the adoption of the ballot, and triennial or biennial parliaments; and we also hear the old project of life peerages and modifications of the laws of entail spoken of as probable events. But of all this we know nothing that is reliable. Lord Palmerston's Chinese policy will be sustained. Factious opposition to government for the mere sake of spoil will be discountenanced. Education will be encouraged. Administrative reform will be prosecuted. By what particular measures these great aims will be advanced, no one can yet tell. But to all friends of democracy and progress the prospect is cheering.

LITERARY.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE, *by Horatius Bonar, D.D.* New York: R. Carter & Brothers.

Dr. Bonar is one of those persons who think, speak, and write poetry as a part of their nature. No one can read his prose writings without perceiving that the poetry of life is always before him. He has traveled; and when he reaches such a place as the awful summit of Sinai, he sits down in the howling wind and reads the tables of the law, that he may enjoy the poetry of the spot and remember it the more pleasantly. He is full of poetry. It is in his sermons; it strikes one in conversation with him; it adds a charm to every thing he publishes. We have long known that some of these now first collected poems were his, but others, it is a pleasant surprise to learn, are from his pen. Every one is familiar with "The Meeting-Place,"

> Where the faded flower shall freshen—
> Freshen never more to fade,
> Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
> Brighten never more to shade;

but few in America have read a hymn that is a great favorite in Scotland, where it is embodied in many sacred collections:

> The Church has waited long
> Her absent Lord to see;
> And still in loneliness she waits,
> A friendless stranger she.
> Age after age has gone,
> Sun after sun has set,
> And still in weeds of widowhood
> She weeps, a mourner yet.
> Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Dr. Bonar has always been a diligent student of the old monkish Hymns of Faith. He is familiar with the glorious song of Hildebert; the sublime, if doggerel, verses of Bernard de Clugny; the thrilling poetry of St. Augustin, which flashes out in all his sermons. From these he has learned to devote his thoughts much to descriptions of Heaven, the New Jerusalem. He has edited a fine edition of that old hymn, "Jerusalem," with copious notes from the Fathers and later writers. The same love of triumphant description is visible in these Hymns of Faith and Hope. Many will remember the fine stanzas beginning

> That clime is not like this dull clime of ours,
> All, all is brightness there;
> A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
> And a far milder air.

We wish that our space would allow the quotation of one song out of this collection, which is a noble anthem of almost monosyllabic Saxon, strong, bold, and grand:

> No shadows yonder!
> All light and song;
> Each day I wonder,
> And say, how long
> Shall time me sunder
> From that dear throng?

THE CONNECTIONS OF THE UNIVERSE, as seen in the Light of God's Created and Written Revelation. New York: Thomas N. Stanford.

Another decided and firm stand against infidel and rationalistic tendencies. The author aims to show, and with much more success than we had feared possible at his outset, the relations of all created objects, remote or near, to each other, and to their Creator. There is a novelty in his idea that other worlds and other beings needed a revelation as much as man, and that only so much is revealed to him as

was necessary for his separate uses and instruction, which adds interest to the discussion, while the end of the argument is that Rock against which infidel philosophy vainly directs its blows—God manifest in all his works.

THE WORLD'S OWN, *by Julia Ward Howe.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

If any thing could redeem commonplace poetry, it would be a volume published in the elegant style of Ticknor & Fields, which often cheats us into the belief that the words, which are so deliciously legible, have some poetry in their structure and relations. Mrs. Howe has great success in her choice of smooth words, and has reason to congratulate herself on her publishers. But after all, when the words are put together and printed, it can not be said that there is much in the result of them. In fact, there is nothing that can be called poetry.

The world has heard much of this drama as lately performed by Miss Heron in New York, and it is not to be wondered at that it was far from successful. The actress, whose only merit was the counterfeit of passion, without appreciation of that which is ordinarily called character, could find nothing but commonplaces in the play, and the audience could find nothing to attract in play or actor, and the piece was damned. But the authoress of the World's Own should not therefore be discouraged. She has the ability to be a poet, when she shall have learned that something more than elegance of diction and smoothness of thought is necessary.

VIVIA, OR THE SECRET OF POWER, *by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

One of Mrs. Southworth's very striking plots, and very readable novels. She is one of the best of American female writers.

GRACIE AMBER, *by Mrs. C. W. Denison.* New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

Mrs. Denison writes with extraordinary power and feeling. It is only to be regretted that she descends to the common theatrical in her plots. Portions of this novel remind us of "Alton Locke" in their force and pathos. The character of Jupe, the half-idiot boy, is, from the beginning to the end of the book, most admirably sustained, and would do honor to any writer of whatever fame. In fact, all the characters are well sketched and well kept up; but their action is improbable and incredible. With this fault corrected, there is nothing to prevent Mrs. Denison taking the first rank as a female novelist.

A NEW METHOD OF LEARNING THE GENDER OF FRENCH NOUNS, *by L. E. Jouanne.* New York: Roe Lockwood & Son.

To test the correctness of this very simple method would require more time than we can bestow, but so far as half an hour's trial on a few of the 20,541 substantives in the French language affords a means of judging, we have reason to believe it a valuable aid to students. The great difficulty which the foreigner has to contend with in learning French is this same subject of gender, which is about as lawless as the pronunciation of English terminations or combinations of letters. The author has laboriously constructed a few rhymes, which, once learned, will give the scholar a familiar rule at his command for application to nearly every case of doubt. The little book deserves examination.

A writer in the last number of the *Athenæum* shocks the good church people who eat "hot cross buns" on Good Friday, with the idea that they are eating "meats offered to idols," inasmuch as he shows very clearly that the custom, instead of being Christian, is Pagan in its origin. We all know that the word Easter is derived from a Pagan goddess, perhaps Astarte, and the Saxons were accustomed to bake and offer to this goddess, and then to eat a certain kind of cake. Now the "Queen of Heaven" appears in various old mythologies in various forms, but almost always with horns, either of "Pale Dian" among the Greeks, or the cow's horns of Egypt. Hence, scholars will see the sequence, *bous, boun, bun*—hot cross buns! Not such an improbable idea either.

The note of Dr. Livingstone which we published two weeks ago has produced a sensation in England. The publishers of the spurious book have issued an explanatory card, and the trade to a man have refused to purchase it. The edition will probably be sent to America for this market, and the public should be on their guard against it.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Carlton & Rudd.
Knaves and Fools; or, Friends of Bohemia. A Satirical Novel of London Life. By E. M. Whitty. 12mo, $1 25.

Philip J. Cozans.
Byrne's Price Book, Ready Reckoner, and Measurer. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer. 16mo, $1.

Garrett, Dick, & Fitzgerald.
The Artist's Bride; or, the Pawnbroker's Heir. By Emerson Bennett. 12mo, $1.

Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.
Childhood: its Promise and Training. By W. W. Everts. 12mo, $1.

Wiley & Halsted.
Modern Painters. Vol. IV. Of Mountain Scenery. By John Ruskin. 12mo, $1 25.

BOSTON.

Calkins & Stiles.
American Congregational Year Book, for the Year 1857. Volume Fourth. 8vo, 40 cents.

Gould & Lincoln.
The Testimony of the Rocks; or, the Bearings of Geology on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed. By Hugh Miller. With a Memorial of the Author. 12mo, $1 25.

J. P. Jewett & Co.
Gant Gurley; or, the Trappers of Lake Umbagog. By D. P. Thompson. 12mo, $1.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co.
An Essay on Language, and other Papers. By Rowland G. Hazard. Edited by E. P. Peabody. 12mo, $1.

PHILADELPHIA.

American Sunday-School Union.
The American Sunday-School and its Adjuncts. By James W. Alexander, D.D. 18mo, 75 cents.

Parry & M'Millan.
Liberty and Necessity; in which are considered the Laws of Association of Ideas, the meaning of the word Will, and the true intent of Punishment. By Henry Carleton, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. 16mo, 50 cents.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE GOVERNORSHIP OF UTAH.

As stated in our last number, the Governorship of Utah has been offered to Major Ben M'Culloch, the famous Texan ranger. It is understood that his instructions are to exhaust negotiation before appealing to force; and it is believed that, with proper efforts, that Territory may be restored to order and peace without the aid of the United States troops. It is not yet known whether Major M'Culloch accepts or no.

THE NEW GRANADA DIFFICULTY.

Accounts from Washington state that as the Government would be responsible to the Panama Railroad Company for damages to the road, in the event of any military movements, it is hardly expected that energetic measures will yet be adopted to press the claims urged by Messrs. Bowlin and Morse. The force to be assembled at the Isthmus will, however, be formidable. The following vessels have been ordered to Panama:

Frigate Independence	50 guns.
Sloop-of-war John Adams	20 "
Sloop-of-war Decatur	16 "
Total guns	86

And the following have been dispatched to Aspinwall:

Steam-frigate Wabash	40 guns.
Sloop-of-war Saratoga	20 "
Sloop-of-war Cyane	20 "
Total guns	80

THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

The *concessionnaires* of this route urge strongly on the Government the propriety of making a contract with them for the carriage of the California mail, in the hope that they may thus obtain the protection of the United States authorities in the event of trouble with Mexico. It is understood that the Cabinet have the subject under consideration; but it is hardly expected that the President will interfere between the Companies and the Mexican Government. A purchase by the United States is talked of.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

Correspondents in Washington state that Mr. Buchanan has determined to pursue a policy of conciliation in lieu of hostilities in Florida. Major Blake is to be dispatched to treat with the Seminoles, and it is expected that he will be able to accomplish with fair words and money what all the powder and ball of many campaigns have failed to achieve.

APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

A number of judicial appointments have been made by the President during the week. Among others, Chief Justices for Minnesota, Nebraska, Washington Territory, and Oregon. None of the foreign appointments have yet been made. The latest "cast" by the letter-writers gives us:

England	Mr. Glancy Jones.
France	Mr. Slidell.
Spain	Mr. Schell.
Russia	Fernando Wood.

But this programme rests on no reliable foundation.

The charges against Governor Izard of Nebraska have been withdrawn. He is, however, to be removed, and it is conjectured that he will be replaced by a gentleman from a free State.

NULLIFICATION IN OHIO.

The Legislature of Ohio has adjourned *sine die*, having previously passed the bill making it a penitentiary offense to claim or hold slaves in Ohio, or to undertake to carry away from the State as a slave any person of color. Resolutions were also adopted declaring it to be a duty to use all power consistent with the national compact to prevent the increase of, to mitigate, and finally to eradicate, slavery; and that the ordinance of 1787, as far as it concerns slavery, should be extended to all the territories of the United States.

ACTING-GOVERNOR STANTON IN KANSAS.

Mr. Secretary Stanton, the Acting-Governor of Kansas, has arrived in that Territory, and has been pretty well received. He has just published an address to the people, in which he says that the Administration has recognized the authority of the Territorial Legislature, and the validity of the Territorial laws, and has especially recognized the act providing for a constitutional convention. He presumes that that convention will submit the vital question of the domestic institutions of the State for the subsequent vote of the people, and thinks that Congress will then admit the Territory immediately into the Union as a State. He recommends a general amnesty for past offenses and prosecutions, and expects the presence of Governor Walker about the middle of May.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR IN UTAH.

Though Brigham Young has not said one word about open war with the United States, we learn that the militia at Salt Lake City has been organized, that schools are opened for drilling the recruits, and that the preachers and writers are stirring up the saints to gird on their armor and prepare for the fight. The *News* (the principal local paper) contains two elaborate and significant articles—the first denying the constitutional power of the Federal government to appoint Territorial officers, and threatening rebellion; and the second, assuming that, allowing polygamy to be solely a human institution, it concerns no one now except the inhabitants of Utah.

A well-informed correspondent states that the Mormons are 100,000 strong in Utah, besides having 200,000 spies and agents scattered throughout the country, and being in close alliance with 300,000 Indians upon our Western border.

THE NEW CITY ACTS REPUDIATED.

The Mayor and Common Council are taking measures to nullify the newly-passed Charter and Police Acts. Two injunctions—one at the instance of Attorney-General Cushing—have been obtained, restraining the new Police Commissioners from entering upon the discharge of their duties. The liquor-dealers have taken measures to test the constitutionality of the new Excise law. The merchants have done the same with regard to the Port-Warden Act. The people of Staten Island residing near Seguine's Point resist the removal of Quarantine to their neighborhood, as decided by the Governor and Commissioners; and the Central Park and City Hall acts are likewise to be tested by the courts.

CALEB CUSHING AT HOME.

Mr. Caleb Cushing has had a grand reception at his home at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He delivered a most eloquent speech on the Destiny of the American people. Among other things, he said:

"I stick to the purpose which brought my forefather, John Cushing, from Hingham in England to Hingham in Massachusetts. I say that every ship-load of colonists which came in the beginning to Virginia and to Massachusetts, and each one of us, their descendants, who are but moving on with an acceleration of the original impetus which they gave us, and every ship-load of colonists from Ireland and Germany, all and each one of us are but the humble ministers of God, appointed to occupy, to cultivate, and to civilize America. It is oppression seeking to be freedom; it is want demanding to be want no longer; it is the foundation in America of republican empires, to outcount in numbers and outvie in strength the parent states of Europe.

"I say that is the work appointed of God for us to do; and, with the blessing of God upon us, that work we will do. If rivers run across our path, we will bridge them; if mountains rise up to stop us, we will tunnel them; if deserts appear, we will reclaim and cultivate them; if oceans intervene, we will navigate them; to which last end, so long as there's an oak left on earth, gallant ships shall continue to be launched into the waters of this our Merrimac. Time was when the United States were but little colonies of England scattered along the sea-shore. Then they overflowed the Alleghanies into the valley of the Mississippi; next they absorbed the vast domain of France from Lake Superior all around to the Gulf of Mexico, and westward to Oregon; next they possessed themselves of the two Floridas, and then of Texas; and, finally, they have marched on through New Mexico into remote California.

THE CONSEQUENCES TO WEAK RACES.

"But in our conquest of nature with our stalwart arms, and with our dauntless hearts to back them, it happens that men, nations, races, may, must, will perish before us. That is inevitable. There can be no change for the better save at the expense of that which is—one generation gives place to another. Out of decay springs fresh life. The tribes of Indians who hunted over the land, without occupying it, retire before us like the hunted deer and the buffalo themselves—deeper and deeper into the innermost recesses of the continent. And the Hispano-Mexicans, wasting away by apparent incapacity of self-government, are suffering one province after another of theirs to relapse into pristine desolation, and thus to become prepared to receive the people and the laws of the United States.

ENGLAND DOES NOT OBJECT.

"England knows this. She is gradually relaxing her hold on America. It would have been better for her to do this at the Revolution, for by relinquishing America she gained, or will gain, Asia. To her the two things have almost the intimate connection of cause and effect. Instructed by the past, and, let me add, with nobler thoughts on the subject than heretofore, she now sees and admits this in her present attitude toward us. Henceforth, then, America is ours to work out in it the eternal decrees of Providence.

A SHARP REBUKE TO THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

"Men of Massachusetts, have you at all times thoroughly appreciated and strenuously co-operated to advance these great purposes of Providence? You clearly perceived and frankly, earnestly, powerfully contributed with Virginia to develop the great territorial capacities of the Northwest. But were you equally clear-sighted in regard to the not less important Southwest? Did you in feeling support Virginia there? Did you not struggle to prevent the acquisition of Louisiana, the acquisition of Florida, the acquisition of Texas, the acquisition of California? Was not the Union, as our fathers conceived it, thus completed in spite of you? And yet, who profited first, who profited next, who profited constantly, by each of these great stages of the great event? Was it not you, the men of Massachusetts, with your ships, your manufactures, your mechanic arts, and your intelligence? Nay, did you not unconsciously, and, as it were, in despite of yourselves, potentially contribute, with might and with will, as Massachusetts does whenever she acts, to the consummation of the great event, by pouring your capital, your industry, your inventive genius, and your men, into each one of the successive territorial accessions to the Union? You did; you could not help doing it; you are strong and self-willed, but the great event was stronger and more willful than you; and it snatched you up out of the depths of unseasonable opposition to it, absorbed you into its vortex, and when there, as with your virtues and your lights you deserve to be, you became the most efficacious element of its further progress.

"Why is it so? Why is it that for so many years Massachusetts has perseveringly opposed whatever is, and persistently endeavored to prevent whatever is to be?"

THE COMETS.

Out West they are worrying themselves about the comets, of which there are two—Bruyn's comet, discovered March 18, and the June comet, which is going to destroy the earth on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, according to some German philosopher. Professor Peirce disposed of the fallacy some days since, in a published letter. Mr. Goodrich has taken the opportunity of stating the following propositions:

1. There are no astronomical calculations of the orbit of the coming comet that warrant the prediction that it will touch the earth.

2. It is quite beyond the power of present science to calculate an orbit so eccentric as that of this comet, and of so long a period, so as to say whether it will, or will not, hit the earth. This no astronomer can know.

3. The nucleus or orb of all comets is very small, and most likely entirely gaseous. The tail of a comet, which is most feared as the besom of destruction, is so thin that you can see stars through it. It can not hit the old earth a harder blow than she could probably endure without much damage.

4. There is no proof on record that any comet ever affected our atmosphere or our seasons in the least. The cold seasons of comet years can all be explained as easily as the cold seasons of years when there were no comets.

But another Western man is not so easy in his mind. True, he says, the comet can neither attract nor be attracted so as to come in contact with any of the heavenly bodies. The most it can do to any of the planets (ours not excepted) will be to change the currents of their electric envelopes. This will have a tendency to give us the warmest or the coldest winter (should the comet appear soon) experienced since 1765. Should the earth's electricity be attracted or repelled to either pole, the temperate zones will enjoy an unusual degree of mildness; on the other hand, should the earth's electric sheen be gathered in folds nearing the equatorial regions, then, indeed, may we expect the most intense cold ever experienced in this climate. In either event the disturbance of the ocean of electricity in which the solar system floats will produce extraordinary results in atmospheric temperature, wind currents, and vegetation, until the electric equilibrium shall be re-established.

The first comet is increasing its distance from the earth; the second is approaching, and will be visible during the whole of May. The first is now in Aunges, the second in Perseus.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

Dr. Bellows, a prominent Unitarian clergyman of this city, dined with the Dramatic Fund Association on their anniversary, and delivered a speech, which has made a sensation. In it he said:

"I never could see, gentlemen, why the dramatic profession and my own profession should be at such serious loggerheads. I never could see why the friends of morality and religion should not be the friends of the enjoyment of this high art. I do not see any proper grounds for this immense antipathy between you and us. I believe that you have yet to do justice to us as well as we have to do justice to you. I assure you that if the clerical profession, so far as I have the happiness of knowing its members in all orders and classes, were only unembarrassed by their position toward the laity, you would find a more liberal, larger, and freer justice done to your profession by that very class of men, than, perhaps, by any other class of men in the whole community. Now, I believe that, from the artistic and æsthetic culture which belongs to men of my own profession, they must know in their secret hearts that your profession can not be the light and frivolous one which it is commonly thought. I have learned that it is an immensely laborious profession—that it is a very methodical profession—that it requires time and steadiness of habits, great care and discipline, which ought to free it from that light estimation in which it is held by many unthinking persons. In this respect, it seems to me, we—who live by our brains, and who are obliged to live also by our hearts, as well as you—are fitted, in some degree, to do justice to your profession."

GENERAL JACKSON'S SNUFF-BOX.

The late General Jackson left by his will a gold box, which had been presented to him by the city of New York, to the most patriotic son of that city. The Common Council have been hard at work for some time to find first the box, next the patriotic son. The one has turned up, as per the following extract from a letter just received from Andrew Jackson, Jun.:

"The Gold Box left in trust by my venerated father is still here at the Hermitage, safely deposited. It has been, and will be, and is at all times ready for that patriot whom the corporate authorities of the City or State of New York shall deem fit to receive it. As soon as the selection is made by the proper authorities of New York, in conformity with the will, I am ready to present it to the favored son selected, whether here or at Nashville, or in the city of New York, or to forward it on through the hands of some safe person, selected for that purpose, and authority will be given him to present it in my name."

In the hopes of discovering the other, the Joint Committee of the Common Council sent for General Scott. He advised them to consult, by letter, Gens. Quitman, Twiggs, Shields, Harney, Smith, and Wool. If the Committee wished, he would write the letters, and frank them, the object being to inquire their opinion what soldier from the State of New York was the *bravest* man in the Mexican War. The Committee accepted the General's offer very gratefully.

THE WAY TO ENCOURAGE OFFICE SEEKERS.

A few days since a young man from the country called upon Collector Austin of Boston, and at once produced his petition for office. He was backed up by the leading Democrats of his vicinity as a firm Democrat, who had ever been faithful to his party, etc., etc. He was received with much urbanity by the Collector, who, upon glancing at the petition, grasped the young man by the hand, with the remark, "My dear Sir, I am rejoiced to perceive that you sustain Democratic principles. You are in the right path. Stick to the Democratic party." "But," murmured the applicant, "how about that office?" "As to that," replied the Collector, with a mysterious shake of the head, "I have nothing to say; but stick to the Democratic party, young man, stick to the Democratic party." And before the slightly bewildered applicant regained his presence of mind, he was politely bowed from the official presence.

ANOTHER HORRID WIFE MURDER.

A young woman, the wife of Aleck Mulinix, living near Manhattan, Putman County, was recently found mangled in a most shocking manner, under circumstances which left no doubt that she had been most foully dealt with by her husband. The facts are these: Mulinix rode in the morning to his father's house, and told him somebody had killed his wife while he had gone to feed his horse in the stable. He told others that his wife fell on the stove. Those who went to the house found that the woman's skull was broken, and that she had received three blows, one with a shovel and two with an axe. She was breathing, but senseless, when first seen by the neighbors, and lived only about two hours. The breakfast table was standing with the victuals upon it, and the biscuits were still warm, therefore the murder had been committed but a short time. The parties had been married but three weeks.

MISS CORCORAN ONCE MORE IN THE BOSOM OF THE CHURCH.

Harriet Corcoran, the girl who occasioned so much excitement in Charlestown, Massachusetts, a few years since, has returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church. She now resides in Boston, and has recanted in St. James' Church, in Albany Street. The following document, written by Miss Corcoran, was read to the church by Rev. Mr. Walch, while she was at the altar:

"TO THE REV. DAVID WALCH AND THE CONGREGATION OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

"I present myself before you this day of my own free will and accord, a penitent, to humble myself before God and the Catholic Church, in your presence, for my disobedience to the Mother Church, and my own dear mother, and regret much any scandal that I myself may have brought, or have been the cause of having brought against your religion. When I left the Catholic Church (now near five years ago) I was young and inexperienced. I was led away from the Church of my fathers. I am sorry I have acted so. I humbly ask the forgiveness of the Church, and your forgiveness, and request your prayers to God for pardon of my sins and disobedience, and to be again received into the Church of my forefathers, possessing every belief that salvation can be received there alone.

"HARRIET CORCORAN."

MORE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

For the last seven or eight years, at different times, a party of three or more have been in the habit of visiting a field situated on the west side of Ruggles Street, near Parker Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts, and digging for hidden treasures. The spot is near a creek, and long before the mill-dam was built small vessels passed up and down, and near this place it is supposed the famous Captain Kidd buried some of his money. Within the last four weeks, a party of three persons have visited the place and dug for the money, and on Wednesday night last five persons proceeded to the field, and their proceedings were witnessed by a police-officer and several others. No money has yet turned up, but it is to be hoped the diggers will persevere.

A BLACK MAN'S JOKE.

Four negroes have been arrested in Chicago, Illinois, for stealing poultry. They filed the following humorous plea in abatement:

"Recorder's Court of the City of Chicago.—April Term, 1857.

"Alexander Pierce, John Williams, John Taylor, Alfred Nicholson *against* The People of the State of Illinois.—INDICTMENT FOR LARCENY.—And now cometh into court the above-named chattels, erroneously indicted as persons, in their own proper bodies, and having heard the said indictment read, say that the above-named Recorder's Court ought not to take cognizance of the alleged crime in the said indictment above specified, because protesting (if as such bodies they have the right to protest) that they are not guilty of the same, not being in any manner recognized or known by or to the Constitution of the United States of America, or of the Constitution or laws of the State of Illinois as persons, protected by or responsible to the laws of the land; nevertheless, for plea in this behalf, the said bodies so as aforesaid erroneously indicted and compelled to answer, say that no cause of complaint ever accrued to the people of this State against them, for this, to wit: that the said bodies so, as aforesaid indicted, are not persons capable of committing crime and of being tried therefor in this Court, but are articles of merchandise and mere property by the supreme law of the land; because they say that they 'are *negroes* of African descent, their ancestors were of pure African blood, and were brought into the country and sold as negro slaves.'

"Therefore they pray judgment, if the Court now here will or ought to take cognizance of the indictment aforesaid, and that by the Court here they may be dismissed and discharged."

The plea was upset on demurrer, but the case failed for want of evidence.

EVEN THE SPIRITS WILL HAVE THEIR JOKES.

People have an idea that ghosts are gloomy creatures, or essences, with grim, unsociable natures. The following, from the leading Spiritualist organ, would seem to controvert this opinion:

"Nothing, perhaps, in the whole range of the modern phenomena, has struck even Spiritualists with more surprise than the freedom of remark, the playfulness and repartee (where mundane circumstances would seem to warrant it) often indulged in by the spirits themselves. The old ideas of the spirit-world have been modeled after the modern church, with its stiff decorum, its long faces, its long prayers, and prosy sermons. Not so is it with the angel men and women, and the schools of the prophets above. There we have reason to believe, though teaching and prayers are by no means set aside, that entire freedom, and cheerfulness, and smiles, are deemed appropriate to the most sacred occasions, and decorate and wreath with pleasure the performance of every duty."

ANOTHER ONSLAUGHT ON TOBACCO.

Mr. John T. Hildreth presented to the Methodist Conference at Brooklyn, last week, a petition against tobacco, which he "was permitted to withdraw" in consequence of the language. He stated, among other things:

"Why do the present clergy, in many instances, indulge in the use of that filthy weed, tobacco? Is it not offensive to many? How can a Christian minister indulge in its use? Is it not filthy in all its forms? Is it not, when used as a quid and rolled in the mouth, from

which a powerful mass of liquid filth is emitted, disgusting to that being who is man's helpmate and companion, *woman?*

"Is not the smoke, puffed in the face of another, whether from a pipe or cigar, offensive? even an assault?

"Did Christ ever use tobacco in any form? Although the pleaders of rum and wine as a beverage often quote the miracle of the Saviour turning water into wine at the marriage feast, no mention is made of tobacco ever having been tolerated by him in any form. If it is so necessary for man to use it, and to make a smoke-house of his mouth, or a manufacturer of a filthy fluid mixed with mucus, and of a most disgusting nature, why not swallow the juice thus manufactured, and not pour it out upon the carpet or the well-cleaned floor of a neat housewife?

"If this be an excuse on account of its numbers using it, then quit preaching the Gospel, and go to manufacturing tobacco and cigars, for there are many more sinners than saints."

LYNCH LAW IN IOWA.

We alluded last week to the lynching of a man in Iowa. The details have since come to hand. The victim was a half-breed named Eli Grifford, who had murdered a man named Ingalls, on 27th March.

The mob was headed by Jacob Landis, of Iron Hill; and on arriving in town, proceeded at once to the jail, and assailed the door with a heavy sledge. The door of the cell was a strong one, and did not yield until near two hundred blows had been struck. There were four other prisoners in the jail, who, with the assistance of Grifford, barricaded the door. The prisoner, on finding himself in the power of the mob, showed much alarm, and asserted, on being told it was their intention to hang him, "If you hang me, you hang an innocent man." From the jail the mob took Grifford to a tree just south of the school-house, between that building and the cemetery, when a rope was put around his neck, and thrown over a limb projecting over the pathway.

When Grifford found that the citizens were determined upon hanging him, and there was no probability of escape, he made a clean breast of it, confessed that he shot Ingalls on Friday, the 27th, in the woods where his body was found.

When told that the fatal moment was approaching, he acknowledged the justice of his punishment, but said his "uncle ought to suffer also."

From three hundred to five hundred persons witnessed the hanging. A prayer was offered up by a Methodist clergyman, Rev. Mr. Babcock, the guilty wretch kneeling and crossing himself; the surrounding crowd standing in respectful silence. There was no disturbance, no tumult, and a legal execution could not have passed off in a more orderly manner. No one attempted to interfere, the people of the county having, it seems, come to the conclusion that murderers can not be punished if left to the due course of law.

When the last moment arrived, the leader of the party tied a handkerchief over the eyes of Grifford, who remained standing, and every man of the twenty-four took hold of the rope. At a signal they pulled upon the rope together, suspending him in the air about eight feet from the earth. His irons had not been taken off, and his arms being pinioned, there was but little struggling as his guilty soul took its flight. His body was allowed to remain on the gibbet-tree for something over an hour, when it was taken down and placed in a rude box and interred in a field belonging to Dr. Cowden. During the whole of this time, and until the body was buried, the crowd remained upon the ground, silently witnessing the various occurrences.

FOUR PERSONS FROZEN TO DEATH.

Coroner Madden has just held an inquest at Petersburg, Rensselaer County, on four persons, whose names respectively were Amasa Blew, and his wife Hannah Blew, apparently forty years of age; Taut Curtiss (colored), and her son Henry Curtiss: the woman thirty-five or forty, and her son ten years old. They were basket-makers by trade. These persons were found lying together in the open air on the summit of the mountain, one Sunday morning. Life was extinct, and their limbs were frozen stiff. They were seen in Petersburg on Friday afternoon, and to pass along the road leading to the mountain toward nightfall. It appears that they "all got drunk together," and froze to death on the mountain, where the snow is still from a foot and a half to six feet deep. The coroner relates one fact which must be passed to the credit of the canine race. Attached to the company of basket-makers was a faithful dog, which was found lying between two dead bodies. He fought with desperation the persons who came to take the bodies away, and when he could do no more, he followed the corpses to Petersburg, and insisted on being near them. With the basket-makers was found a quantity of cold victuals, of which the dog refused to partake a morsel; but other food being offered him, he devoured the same with the avidity of a starveling.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

The Elections are almost over. The London *Post* summaries the result thus: Liberals, 338; Liberal Conservatives, 74; Conservatives, 206. Ministerial losses, 13; gains, 76. The Hon. Sidney Herbert was spoken of to replace Lord Panmure as Minister of War. The Ministerial candidate for Speaker of the House of Commons is the Hon. Evelyn Denison.

MR. BRIGHT'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Mr. Bright, late M.P. for Manchester, has published the following letter to his late constituents:

"Gentlemen,—I have received a telegraphic dispatch, informing me of the result of the election contest in which you have just been engaged. That result has not greatly surprised me, and, so far as I am personally concerned—inasmuch as it liberates me from public life in a manner which involves on my part no shrinking from any duty—I can not seriously regret it. I lament it on public grounds, because it tells the world that many among you have abandoned the opinions you professed to hold in 1847, and even so recently as in the year 1852. I believe that slander itself has not dared to charge me with having forsaken any of the principles, on the honest support of which I offered myself twice, and was twice accepted as your representative. The charge against me has rather been, that I have too warmly and too faithfully defended the political views which found so much favor with you at the two previous elections. * * * * *

"I have esteemed it a high honor to be one of your representatives, and have given more of mental and physical labor to your service than was just to myself; I feel it scarcely less an honor to suffer in the cause of peace, and on behalf of what I believe to be the true interests of my country, though I could have wished that the blow had come from other hands, at a time when I could have been present to meet face to face those who dealt it.

"In taking my leave of you, and of public life, let me assure you that I can never forget the many, the innumerable kindnesses I have received from my friends among you. No one will rejoice more than I shall in all that brings you prosperity and honor; and I am not without a hope that, when a calmer hour shall come, you will say of Mr. Gibson and of me, that, as colleagues in your representation for ten years, we have not sacrificed our principles to gain popularity, or bartered our independence for the emoluments of office, or the favors of the great. I feel that we have stood for the rights and interests, and freedom of the people, and that we have not tarnished the honor or lessened the renown of your eminent city. I am now, as I have hitherto been, very faithfully yours,

"John Bright.

"*Florence, Tuesday, March 31, 1857.*"

THE QUEEN'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

The *Court Journal* says on this interesting topic: Her Majesty's accouchement is now daily expected, and there seems to be little doubt that the next week will witness the auspicious event. Her Majesty has enjoyed uninterrupted good health during the past week, but the royal dinner circle has been gradually contracted, and the last day or two it has been limited to the immediate members of the court. All visits to the theatres have been entirely suspended, and the ministers hold themselves in readiness for attendance.

THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The English Government has agreed to furnish to the Atlantic Telegraph Company three steamships, one to make soundings, and two to assist in laying the cable. The *Agamemnon*, ninety-gun screw steamship of 3000 tons, is to be employed to lay down the cable in connection with the United States steamship *Niagara*. The entire cable will be completed in June, and be laid in July next.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.

The marriage of the Princess Royal has been postponed to January next. Several reasons have conduced to this postponement, and one is, that the residence preparing for the Prince and Princess in Berlin will not be completed and fit for occupation until the close of the year. This palace was the residence of the father of the present King of Prussia, but has been for many years much neglected. Its furniture as well as its decorations required a complete renewal, and the building itself a great extent of ornamental repair, with the additions necessary to modern notions of luxury and comfort. Prince Frederick William it is expected will arrive in England about the latter end of May or the beginning of June—the precise time may, perhaps, be influenced by the Queen's recovery. Had the marriage taken place in autumn, as originally proposed, the royal bride and bridegroom were to have remained some time in England; but, as the nuptials have been postponed some months, the Prince and Princess will, it is expected, proceed at once to Berlin.

A report in circulation regarding the allowance to be made to the Princess Royal on her marriage has driven the radicals nearly mad, and caused some indignation to be expressed on more than one hustings. It was said that Lord Palmerston would propose the enormous sum of £70,000 per annum. The country has cause to fear the Premier in these matters, for it is well known that his lordship would do almost any thing to acquire court favor. Any thing like extravagance, however, in a dowry for the Princess Royal will be refused by the House of Commons.

POLITICAL PREACHING IN ENGLAND.

A great outcry has been raised against the interference of clergymen in the late elections. People in this country have no idea of the extent to which it has been carried. This may be judged from the following facts.

Shoreham.—Rev. J. Goring proposed Lord A. Lennox.

Lichfield.—Rev. J. B. Floyer proposed Lord Paget.

Barnstaple.—Rev. H. B. Wrey proposed Mr. Laurie.

Herefordshire.—Mr. King was seconded by the Rev. L. Higgins, Mr. K. Davies by the Rev. J. Hopton, Sir H. Cotterell by the Rev. A. Clive.

Norfolk (West).—Hon. and Rev. E. S. Keppel proposed Mr. B. Gurdon; Rev. P. Gurdon spoke in support.

Rutland.—Rev. C. Ellicott seconded the Hon G. Noel.

Northumberland.—Rev. E. C. Ogle nominated Mr. Beaumont.

Leicestershire.—Mr. G. Frewen was seconded by the Rev. J. Babington.

Northamptonshire.—Rev. Mr. Lichfield spoke.

Wiltshire.—Rev. Arthur Fane seconded Lord H. Thynne.

THE CAT COMING OUT OF THE BAG.

Some secrets have been told during the late election. Nothing had made the Peelites so unpopular as the conduct of the Russian war, and especially the sparing of Odessa, which was accounted for by Mr. Herbert being the nephew of Prince Woronzoff. Now, Mr. Herbert told his electors that he had actually signed an order to attack Odessa, and that on his secession from office Lord Palmerston issued the order to spare the place. This ranks on a line with Lord John Russell's revelation on the city of London hustings. He notoriously broke down in consequence of his Vienna Embassy. During the election turmoil, the *Morning Advertiser* almost drowned its voice in the cry of Russell's great Vienna treason. Provoked by these impudent tactics, Russell found at last the courage to tell the world that Lord Clarendon had refused him the permission to publish the instructions drawn up by Palmerston himself, written in his own handwriting, and dictating that very Vienna policy for which he (Russell) had once lost his popularity.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OR A PRISON.

It appears that George Hudson, Esq., M. P. for Sunderland, is still haunted by the fiends of the law, owing to unsatisfied judgments, amounting to upward of £100,000, which are still standing out against him. Consequently, on the nomination day at Sunderland election, his ex-Majesty was seized upon by a sheriff's officer, who served him with a writ for a considerable amount; but Mr. Hudson laid claim to being exempt from the pains and penalties of the law under the peculiar circumstances in which he was then placed as a candidate. The officer of the law found that he had no real power to arrest his ex-Majesty, and took his departure; at the same time he kept a sharp look-out on the state of the poll, so that if Mr. Hudson had lost his seat, he would undoubtedly have been arrested, and placed within a debtor's cell; but at the close of the poll his ex-Majesty was again fortunate enough, by a rapid coalition, to come in second in the race, and had a narrow escape from the British bailiffs. It is hardly expected that the honorable gentleman will be able to take his seat in Parliament; for all the splendors of the iron crown, the country seats, and the enchanted mansion of Albert Gate have passed away, and left the ex-King very poor.

CARDINAL WISEMAN IN TROUBLE.

At the Gloucester Assizes, on the 4th April, a verdict of £500 damages was given against Cardinal Wiseman, at the suit of a French priest named Abbe Roux, lately a curé at Chelsea, for breach of a contract. It seems the plaintiff alleged that the defendant had received a document signed by the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, niece to the Emperor of France, which the Cardinal had either lost or disposed of in some other way. The document was an acknowledgment on the part of the lady that she owed Roux 25,000 francs, which she desired her children would pay as a "sacred debt."

AFFECTING STORY.

A melancholy case lately occurred at the Doncaster station on the Great Northern Railway line. A young woman arrived from Rotherham last Sunday morning. In the evening she went to the station for the purpose of returning to the latter place, and sat down on a bench on the platform. She complained to one of the porters that she was tired and cold, and he invited her into one of the waiting-rooms, where, however, there was no fire. Almost immediately afterward, he heard a cry of distress, and, on going to the room, in company with another porter, he found the woman lying on the hearth-rug, and evidently in labor. A married woman from the refreshment-room gave prompt and humane assistance till a medical man and a nurse arrived; and, in the mean while, the child was born. The young mother was then removed to the work-house; but she rapidly sank, and, after an interval of delirium, in which she repeatedly uttered the name of her mother, she expired on Monday morning. The poor creature had been seduced and deserted; and it appears probable that she had been wandering about homeless for some time.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

The *Greenock Telegraph* states that the distant relatives of a Calcutta merchant recently deceased, who was a native of Rothesay, have just come to the knowledge that their ancestor, of whom they scarcely ever heard, had left the enormous fortune of £1,500,000 sterling, bequeathed to those of his relations who can be discovered. Those already known number about thirty, and several of them are now resident in Greenock, Dumbarton, and Glasgow.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY AT SEA.

A sea-captain has been tried at Exeter for horrible cruelty, causing the death of his negro cook. The principal witness deposed to the facts alleged. Among other things, he said: "After the cook had been in the cabin he came out, and the captain knocked him down with his fist by a blow on the head. While down, he kicked him five or six times about the body. The captain was swearing very much. He then took a rope off the winch, and beat the cook with it as he was lying down. The cook cried out 'Murder!' We then set sail for Rio Grande, in the Brazils. I saw the captain on deck, and the mate beat the cook with a broomstick over the legs, asking what his dishes were doing there. The captain could see them, but said nothing. The next day I saw the captain beat the cook several times with a piece of rope as he was going along the deck. I was at the wheel that night. I could see into the cabin; the prisoner and the cook were there. I saw the captain knock the cook down, and then take a hand-brush and beat the cook with it on the head and body while he was lying down. This is the brush. The next day I saw the brush; the handle was broken off. The cook cried out for help, and asked if any one would come and help him. The captain said he dared any one to come there. A day or two after I saw the captain busy making a cat. I have seen the captain many a time give the cook a blow with his hand or a rope, as he passed him on the deck, and the mate did the same in the presence of the captain.

HOW THE POOR FELLOW WAS KILLED.

After the cat was made, I saw the prisoner and the cook in the cabin. The prisoner knocked the cook down with the handle of the cat, and then tried to put two half hitches or loops over the cook's thumbs, but he could not do it. The mate came down, and then they tied the cook up tight to the locker, and then the captain flogged him with the cat. The cook had on only a shirt and pair of trowsers. It was my duty at the wheel every other night. The next night I saw both the captain and mate flog the cook with the cats, as the mate had made another one. I have seen them flog him on the bare back about ten days before he died. I saw that more than once. I saw him flogged every night. I was at the wheel for three weeks or a month, and I have heard cries in the cabin on the other nights. I saw his back twice. Once was the night before that on which he died. It had sores all over it; parts where you could see the skin all knocked up, broken and raw. The night before that on which he died I saw both the captain and mate flog him. He was lashed down to a chest by the thumbs, so that his back was rounded. I counted 352 lashes. I have seen the captain beat him with the lizard. He struck him on the cheek with it nine days before he died. He cut his cheek open. I saw the blood. For about ten or eleven days the cook was missing. All hands looked for him. We found him on the cargo in the hold. The mate pulled him out, and then the captain took hold of him and pulled him out of the hatchway, and they kicked him aft into the cabin, swearing all the time. When they were in the cabin I heard cries forward. The day before the night he died he was lying on the deck; the captain turned him over and said, 'Let's have a look at you, old darky;' he tore his shirt right up, and I saw the back all over sores. The captain told the boy to fetch the oil-can, and he oiled the cook all over. The captain ordered the cook's chest to be brought up, and he put a shirt upon him, and he told him he might live in the long-boat or in the topgallant forecastle, which is an open place."

The captain was acquitted.

FRANCE.

INFIDELITY OF THE EMPEROR.

It is beginning to be generally understood that the Emperor is gradually falling back into those voluptuous habits reports of which were so prevalent before his marriage. It is tolerably certain that the fascinations of the Empress keep him at home less and less, and that those of the Countess Castiglione are immensely in the ascendant. Before her house the same machinery is brought to bear that formerly surrounded Mrs. Howard's in the Rue de Cerqui—that is, policemen and patrol are seen hovering about at the corners of streets leading toward it, and others immediately take up their stations before the gates, which, as if by enchantment, open at the approach of a dark cabriolet, or rather brougham, and close instantaneously on its entrance. The magnificent presents, in the shape of jewelry, which find their way into the interior, are said to be of fabulous cost.

She has great powers of conversation, accompanied with a sweet silvery voice that adds an inexpressible charm. She speaks English with only just sufficient foreign accentuation to increase its beauty.

A gentleman who saw her at one of the late balls, thus describes her appearance:

"She wore her hair in the style of Louis Quinze. It really stood up on high at least twelve or fourteen inches. How much of borrowed plumage there might be I can not pretend to guess; but the whole effect was equal to an ordinary grenadier's bear-skin cap; and yet, monstrous as the thing was, and surely most unbecoming to two-thirds of womankind, it seemed to give increased beauty to the features of this being, who has crossed with her dark shadow the threshold of Eugenie. The large rolls of hair appeared to shade off the too great brilliancy of the eye, and to give increased refinement to the features generally. She looked like one of those beautiful granddames we are accustomed only to see in old ancestral halls, to marvel how they steered those lofty coiffures, and rich brocade and expansive hoop, in the dance which tradition has said they loved so well; but here, instead of the painted canvas, it was a beautiful reality of flesh and blood. Her robe was a rich brocade, with a blue stripe, with the waist remarkably short. As she donned her exquisite *sortie du bal*, and put out her tiny feet to be incased in fur slippers by the rude hands of her late footman, many a knight might have envied the man in plush his happy fortune."

M. DE MORNY'S RETURN HOME.

M. de Morny, the Emperor's brother, and French embassador at St. Petersburg, is about to return home. M. de Morny, it appears, has lost much of his influence at St. Petersburg. Certain transactions have recently taken place there which have given occasion for a vast deal of gossip; they chiefly relate to industrial interests of a complicated nature, in which his name constantly recurred. The Russians think that they do not add much dignity to the embassadorial character, whatever they may to the speculator, and they are, therefore, beginning to look coldly on him.

The Emperor Napoleon having consented to act as arbitrator in the money matters in dispute between Count de Morny and Madame Lehon, has made an award in favor of the latter to the amount of four millions of francs.

THE USE OF HOOPS.

During the last year much has been said and written against the abuse of "crinoline," but the inhabitants of a French city have just had a proof that it may sometimes be of real service to the wearer. A young English girl, who was employed as governess in the family of an *employé*, was so dissatisfied with her lot that she resolved to put an end to her life by jumping from the ramparts into the dry moat. An officer, who saw the poor girl put her suicidal design into execution, relates "that she looked like a balloon in the air." The height of the wall of the city at the spot where the attempt at *felo de se* was made may be about 45 feet, but the girl was so little hurt by her fall "that she walked away as if nothing had happened."

RAFFLING FOR A JESUIT FATHER.

The Jesuits are building a church in the Rue de Sevres at Paris, and lack funds to complete it. The reverend fathers are poor, but they are rich in spirit; and this is what their characteristic inventive genius has devised. They have opened a lottery—not a noisy lottery, designed to attract the vulgar; it is not, indeed, a silver vase, not an ingot of gold, not even a good and holy relic brought over the sea, which the company offers as a prize. It is more than these. What then? *It is a Jesuit!* A right reverend Jesuit father is himself in verity, body and soul, the prize attached to the winning number.

You are astonished. Listen, then. Here are the details, exact and precise, which you can confirm at the Faubourg St. Germain, where the tickets are.

1st. None but married women can hold the tickets.

2d. Each ticket is a hundred francs.

3d. The prize is the Reverend Father Lefebvre, who now preaches during Lent in the parish of Foreign Missions. It is he who, contrary to the law by which every lottery should be approved by the prefects, has written as many autograph letters as he has sent tickets, and, with a charming simplicity, has said to every dame that, finding the company unable to furnish a prize of any value, he had conceived the idea of offering himself.

GREAT DEMAND FOR CATS.

An order has been received by a firm in Paris for 3000 tom and pussy cats, which are to be sent out to Australia; bagmen are out in all directions buying up all young, sound, and healthy cats that are in market. A firm in Lille has received an order for 500 grimalkins; it appears that the cats in the north of France are in repute at the antipodes, the prices ranging from 1 25 to 1 50 francs.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF KING BOMBA'S TORTURES.

A letter from Naples says: "We continue in the same deplorable condition as ever; torture of the most frightful description continues to be inflicted by King Bomba's pets, Messrs. Baiona & Co. An event which took place a few days ago has created the greatest sensation. The King was riding under protection of an escort along the road which leads from Caserta to Santo Luccio; a priest who was trudging slowly along, wishing to salute the 'amato ed assoluto sovano,' threw back his mantle, which was wrapped closely round him. This movement being somewhat abrupt, terrified Ferdinand, who made to his followers a sign which they but too well understood. Half a dozen sbirri rushed upon the unsuspecting ecclesiastic, and ran their daggers through his body. They then searched the panting corpse, and only found a snuff-box, a pocket-handkerchief, and six bajocchi. Jealous of the laurels of Signor Baiona, a certain Filippo Antoni has improved upon the cap of silence. A new mode of torture has been devised by this ruffian; by means of a pair of pincers he forcibly pulls out the toe-nails of the wretched victims. Another fiend in human shape, a certain d'Espagnolis, by means of ropes attached to the feet and neck of the prisoners under examination, and gradually tightened by machinery, bends the body backward in the shape of a bow. Antoni began life as executioner at Milan, and on account of his great proficiency and ingenuity, his Majesty has made this hell-hound an inspector of the first class."

HOW THE ITALIAN BANDITTI OPERATE.

A few days since, between Modena and Bologna, the diligence in which a party of Milanese were traveling was stopped, about seven o'clock in the evening, at the distance of only half a mile from Bologna, by seven bandits, whose first care was to cut the traces and prevent the farther progress of the vehicle. The passengers, half asleep, were aroused by the cry of "*Abasso i forestieri!*" the doors of the diligence were opened, and the Milanese lady and her husband, who, with another passenger not of wealthy condition, were the sole inmates, were made to alight, and ordered to give up their money, watches, and ornaments, without delay. These commands being complied with, their traveling bags were next examined in search of valuables, but the brigands, in their haste, overlooked a gold bracelet belonging to the lady; nor did they proceed to take down the luggage from the roof of the carriage, among which they would have found a case of valuable Geneva watches. The conductor had to sustain their wrathful objurgations on account of being three-quarters of an hour behind his proper time—a delay of which the brigands complained in most forcible language, as well as of the poverty of the strong box, hinting that they might not be so indulgent another time if things were not more *en règle*. On inquiry of the young bride whether she had had to endure any rudeness at the hands of her assailants, she asseverated that they were, on the contrary, "*graziossisimi*," and even promised to restore her the wedding-ring which she had drawn off her finger in her hurry and fright, and had given them, together with her other rings. In the haste of their departure, however, they forgot this delicate attention, and went off unceremoniously, leaving their victims (the lady and her husband lost about three hundred lire) in the unpleasant predicament of utter darkness, mangled harness, snow upon the ground, and more snow fast falling from the clouds. After a useless application and demand for oxen at a neighboring cottage, whose inmates were either afraid of the brigands or in league with them, assistance was obtained from some distance, and the conductor and postillion, aided by a countryman, with cords soon put the diligence into a condition to reach Bologna. There a report was made of the affair, and the police set actively to work, and they succeeded in arresting a number of individuals supposed to belong to the band; but, although the travelers stayed in Bologna five days making their depositions, confronting the brigands (the lady perfectly recognized the individual who received her money and rings), and expecting the restitution of their property, they had to set out for Florence at last with no other satisfaction than the confirmation of the hackneyed proverb that it is "ill getting butter out of a dog's throat."

RUSSIA.

THE STATE OF SEBASTOPOL.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in *Le Nord* of Brussels, says the operation of raising the vessels sunk in the port of Sebastopol has commenced. There are upward of eighty of them sunk, and sixteen have already been recovered, namely: The *Chersonese*, a steamer of 260 horse-power; four transports; one brig; two schooners; two tenders, and six small craft. The four transports are already afloat, and are engaged in conveying provisions and equipments. The *Chersonese* is undergoing repairs at Nicolaeff, and will be launched again in the spring. Besides these vessels, the Government has six sailing transports and some steamers of from 60 to 100 horse-power, and has but lately bought five screw-steamers, which are to cruise along the eastern coast in the Black Sea.

The last accounts from Sebastopol describe life there as beginning to be somewhat more lively than it has been since it ceased to be the centre of interest to all Europe. The number of persons that have already returned to the town is described as wonderful, considering how little accommodation there is for them in the houses. Among other attempts at revivification, a theatre has been opened there by the same man who owned the theatre there before the siege, and who moved out of the way of war's alarms to Simferopol during the war, and gave dramatic representations there. His efforts to draw good houses on his old site seem to be successful.

THE FAMINE IN FINLAND.

The famine in Finland continues, and has reached a frightful point, many having actually died of starvation. The harvest last year, it seems, fell far short of the wants of the population; whence the present distress. The poor have been living on a bread composed of bark and straw; but many have been unable to obtain even this sustenance. In the north of Sweden things are as bad. Lapland is suffering fearfully, and it is even said that children have gnawed their own hands from hunger, and that adults have died from starvation while endeavoring to sustain life by straw.

CHINA.

THE BRITISH TO BE EXTERMINATED.

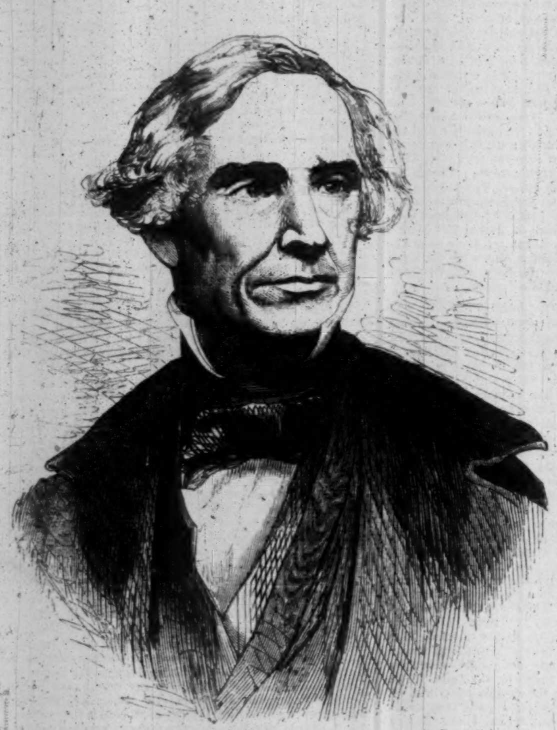
The following document, purporting to be a dispatch addressed to the Viceroy of Canton by the Chief of the Council of the Emperor of China, has been received in Paris from Macao:

"Yeh! I have serious news to announce to you. We have read with attention the account you have given us of the attack by the English barbarians. The Nuij Ko were unanimous in their indignation, and we determined that the Emperor should be informed of it, notwithstanding the pain it occasions his magnanimous heart; and these are the commands of his mighty will:

"Yeh! You are to carry on a war of extermination against the foreign barbarians who have attacked you. They must receive from you an exemplary chastisement. But after the vengeance shall have been deemed sufficient by you, and if they manifest sincere repentance for what they have done, the Emperor, our magnanimous sovereign, who is inundated with floods of light, consents that hostilities should cease, and that commercial affairs should be resumed with those foreigners as they existed previous to their fault.

"Yeh! You will take heed, and you will communicate the proceeding to the mandarins placed under your orders.

"*Pekin, the 10th day of the second moon.*"



PROFESSOR MORSE.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

CYRUS W. FIELD, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

THE LAYING OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE United States steamship *Niagara* has left this port on her way to England. She is to be followed by another United States steamer, which will join her in British waters. At the port of London, the *Niagara* will ship twelve hundred and fifty miles of the telegraph cable, while a British vessel of equal size, belonging to the royal navy, will ship the other twelve hundred and fifty. The two great ships, accompanied each by a steamer to pilot the way, will then proceed into the Atlantic to lay the cable.

Their voyage will be the event of the age.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.

The honor of having laid the first working telegraph under water belongs to the English. The Dover and Calais line was the progenitor of all the submarine wires which have since transmitted subaqueous conversation.

But the first conception of, and the first attempt at, submarine telegraphic communication were the fruit of the genius of our countryman, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse.

In the *New York Herald* of 17th October, 1842, the following paragraph occurs: "Professor Morse will perform a highly interesting experiment with his electro-magnetic telegraph, by which a correspondence will be carried on between Castle Garden and Governor's Island." On the following day the same journal refers again to the subject, and predicts that "it is destined to work a complete revolution in the mode of transmitting intelligence throughout the civilized world."

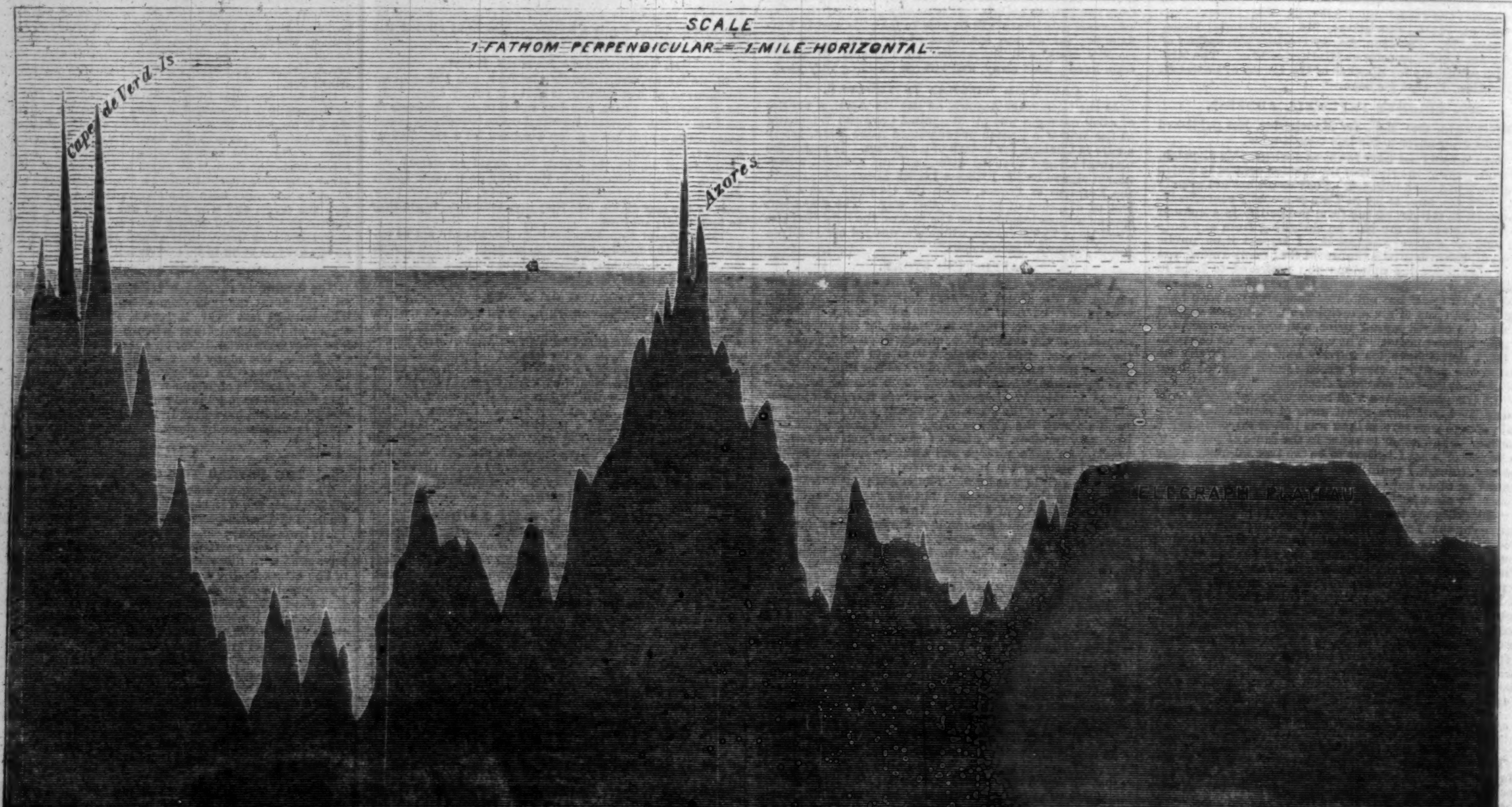
On the night of 18th October, Professor Morse set out from Castle Garden in a small boat, with one man to row. In the stern sheets he had a coil of wire, insulated by being wrapped in cotton thread covered with a coating of asphaltum and India rubber; this he "paid out" as the boatman rowed across to Governor's Island, and had the satisfaction of making fast the end to a battery on the Island some time before daybreak. Thus far all had been propitious. But when the sun rose, Professor Morse discovered, with dismay, that after he had laid his wire, two or three vessels had anchored directly over it. He foresaw the consequence. When the people assembled, and the hour of trial came, the battery was set to work, and the Professor, with a trembling hand, essayed to send a message to the Island. He succeeded in transmitting a few marks, but they were illegible; the anchors had fouled the wire and destroyed its insulation; the crowd went home convinced that telegraphic communication under water was "all humbug;" and the Professor was hardly consoled by a letter of thanks and a gold medal from the Institute, and a fair appreciation by the press.

Somewhat discouraged, in truth, but, of course, firm in confidence, Professor Morse applied his mind to the transmission of the electric current across rivers without the aid of wires. This experiment was successfully performed, and the current sent across the canal at Washington, without intervening wire, in presence of many members of Congress and distinguished persons, in December, 1842. Nothing came of it. But Professor Morse was so well satisfied that his failure at Castle Garden was only a step to the success of submarine telegraphs, that he wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, on 10th August, 1843: "The practical inference to be drawn from the law [which he had developed] is, *that a telegraphic communication may be established across the Atlantic. Startling as this may now seem, the time will come when this project will be realized.*"

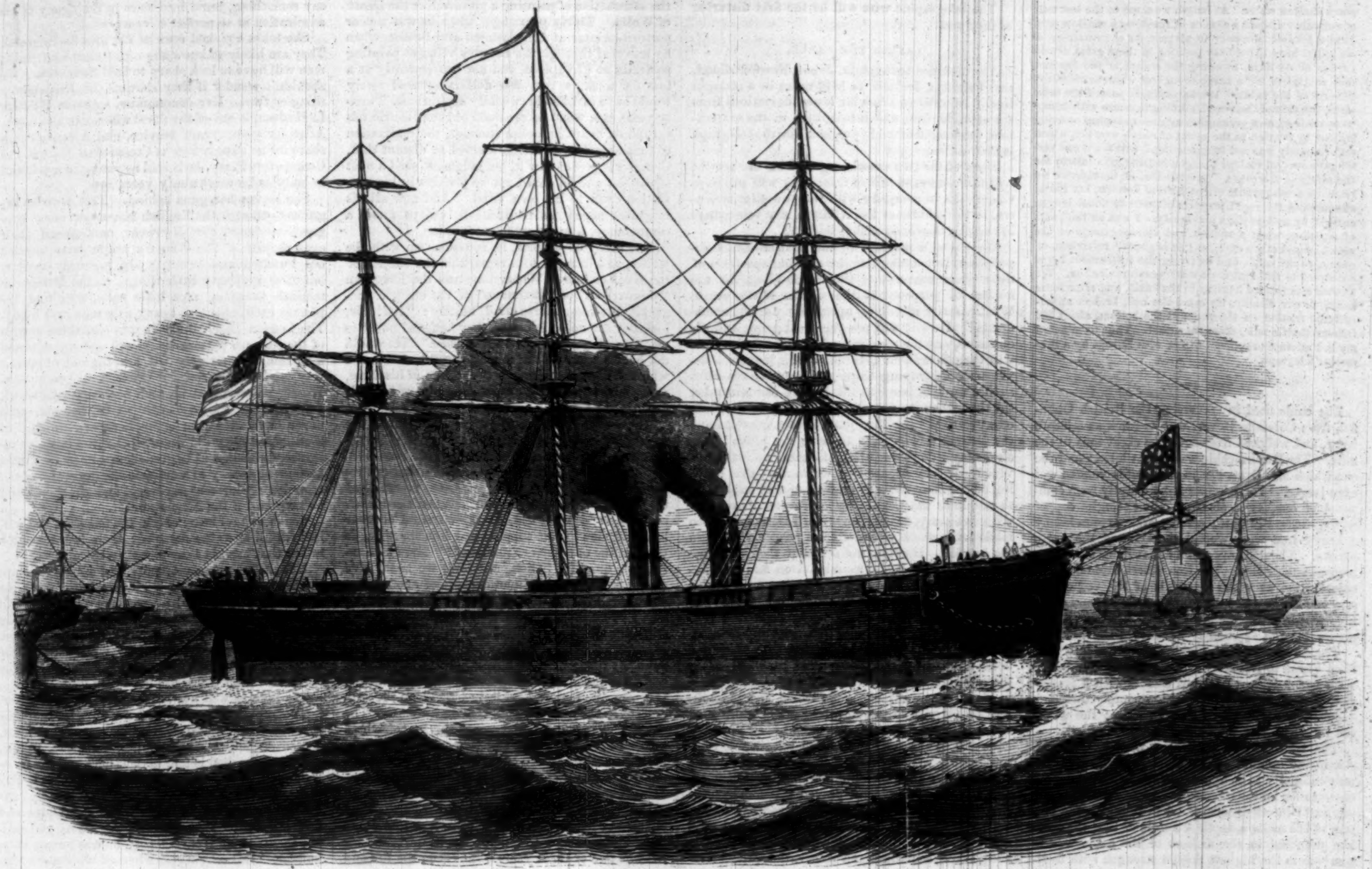
Nor does the Professor stand alone. In the year 1846, when Professor Morse was overwhelmed with work in establishing land telegraphs and defending his rights, Colonel Colt and Mr. Charles Robinson, of New York, laid a submarine telegraphic wire across from New York to Brooklyn, and from Long

THE LATE GEORGE STEERS.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

CAPTAIN HUDSON OF THE NIAGARA.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE.)



SECTION—NORTH AND SOUTH—OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC PASSING THROUGH THE CAPE DE VERDS, THE AZORES, AND THE TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU.



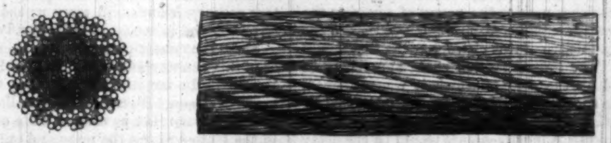
THE LAYING OF THE CABLE IN MID OCEAN.

Island to Coney Island. This wire, which was laid for the purpose of obtaining early marine news, worked for some time to the public satisfaction.

It was not till five years afterward that the Dover and Calais line was laid. Public opinion was against it; and when the wire was actually laid, and messages passing to and fro, the wise men still said that it could not be. Some declared that the messages were a fraudulent imposture; others simply shrugged their shoulders. One of our leading periodicals, in alluding to the event, said, with a sneer, "The thing actually seems to work, *for the present.*"

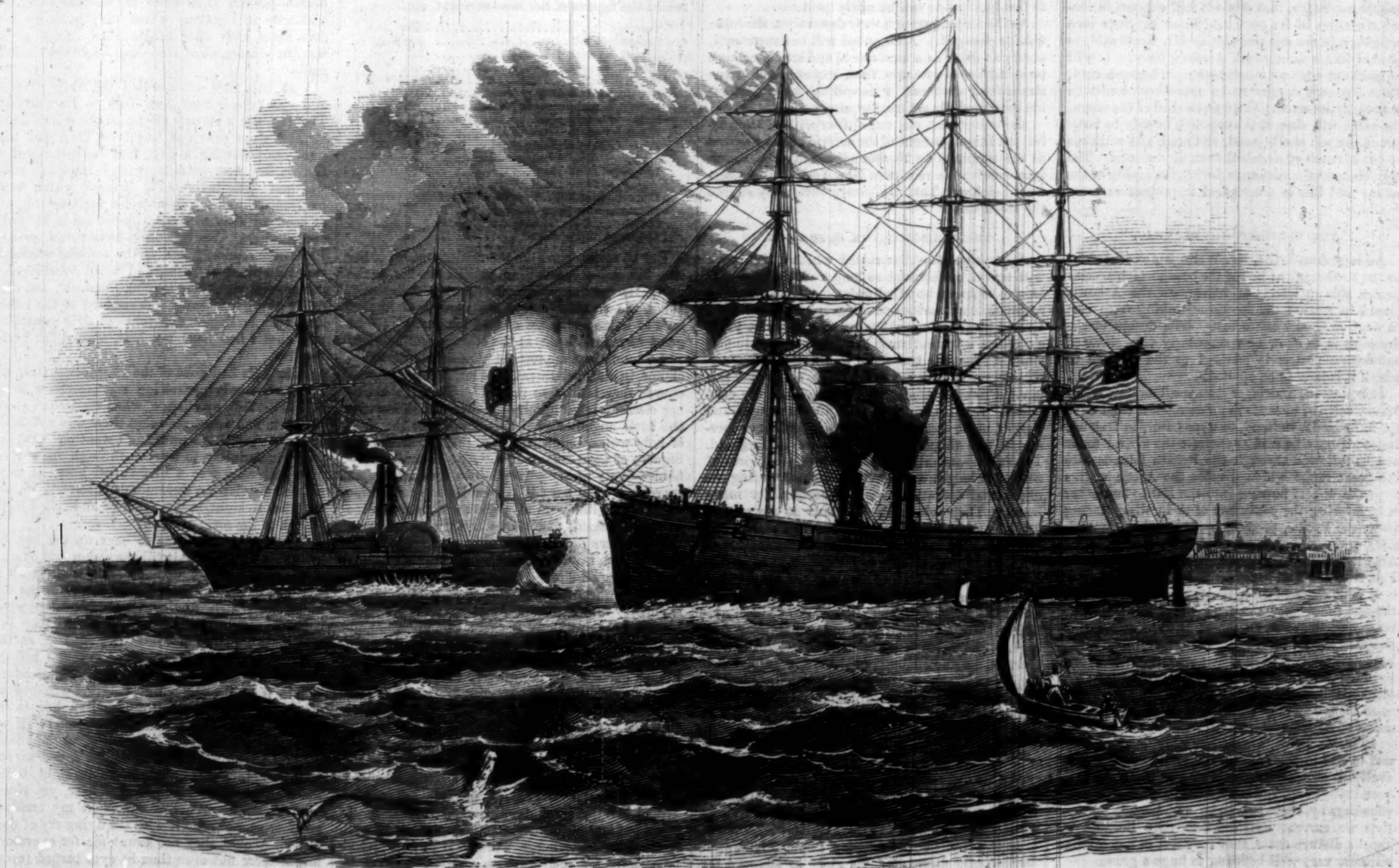
Other lines rapidly followed—the Dover and Ostend line, the Liverpool and Dublin, the line to the Hague, the line from Piedmont to Sardinia and Corsica, the Newfoundland line, on this side the ocean. The line to Algeria has not yet been laid. Mr. Brett, in a recent lecture, gave an interesting account of his failure in attempting to lay it.

The Mediterranean is in parts as deep as the Atlantic over the plateau—the soundings showing as many as 1640 fathoms, nearly two miles. After describing his departure from Cape Spartivento, in Sardinia, he says:



THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH WIRE, FULL SIZE.

At the suggestion of the French authorities, it was arranged that the speed should never be less than three miles an hour, and I never directed to the contrary during the whole time of the paying out of the one hundred and twenty-six miles of cable, except on one occasion, when the drums caught fire, and the speed was obliged to be slacked for a few minutes. I placed three tried and brave men at the brakes, and had the result of the log placed before me every quarter of an hour, they timing the revolution of the drum by a minute watch. These experienced hands nobly did their duty, never leaving their post by day or night, for it was impossible to supply their place. It was an anxious moment when, at nightfall, we were about to enter the great depths. The changing of the continuation of the cable from the fore to the mid-ships, thence to the upper hold, and, finally, the removal of the mid-deck to enable the coil to come up from the lower deck, were operations involving much labor, yet we dared not stop, lest the perpendicular strain on the cable should be fatal. At length Galita appeared in sight. Onward we went, but did not appear to near it, and an observation of the sun proved that we were out of our course. We signaled to the commander of the towing vessel, but it was some time before he admitted that our observation was correct. In the report, published on his return to Algiers, the French commander attributed the deviation from his course to the currents, which took him twenty miles out of it. The distance to land now, according to our reckoning, was twelve or thirteen nautical miles, whereas the length of cable remaining on board was only twelve statute miles. A consultation was therefore held with the French commander, and it was determined that, as it was impossible to reach land with the cable, and we were in great depths to the west of our line of soundings, we should at once steer due east, and endeavor to recover the line of soundings, and buoy the cable in shallow water. Orders were given to the exhausted men at the brakes not to give an inch more line than was necessary, that we might, if possible,



THE NIAGARA UNDER FULL STEAM.

reach shallow water. At length we came to the last mile of our cable without a chance of reaching a shallow part. It now became necessary to prepare for eventualities, as we might have to hold our position in these great depths for five or six days, awaiting the return of the *Tartare*, sent to Algiers for a barge or lighter whereon to secure the end of the cable. We accordingly passed the cable along the side of the vessel, making it secure with hempen fastenings, as a precaution against snapping or being injured by friction in the event of rough weather, which unfortunately was not long coming. One night our vessel gave several violent plunges, causing great alarm for the safety of the cable. Nevertheless, on the morrow we received a telegraphic dispatch from London, *via* Paris, announcing the rapid progress of the additional length ordered by us four days previously. I was on the point of replying, when a sudden and violent plunge of the vessel caused me to exclaim "It is gone!" referring, of course, to the cable, and on trying the instrument I was concerned to find that there was no communication. We at once commenced hauling in the cable, and after some hours, to our dismay, up came the end, broken apparently by friction on the rocks at the bottom, about 502 fathoms (half a mile) from the vessel. Thus terminated my last attempt to connect Africa with Europe by a submarine telegraph.

THE WIRE.

The cable used in traversing the British Channel, from Calais to Dover, was as thick as a lady's wrist, and weighed from seven to eight tons to the mile. The Dublin cable was full as large; and the one which Mr. Brett lost in the Mediterranean was even larger. These cables have usually been composed of one, two, or three stout single copper wires, encased in gutta percha, and surrounded by a heavy iron wire wound tight round the gutta percha. The decomposition effected by the water increases their size. The iron enters into chemical combination with the materials of the bed of the sea, and forms a concrete mass of calcareous or silicious substance, embedding the wire in an impenetrable and apparently indestructible coat.

The cable which was laid, during the late war, from Varna to Balaklava, was, owing to the hurry with which it was laid, not coated with a protection of steel or iron wire. It was simply three fine copper wires encased in gutta percha; the whole not larger in bulk than a common lead pencil.

The transatlantic cable is a new experiment. As, in the opinion of the highest authorities, the only difficulty to be apprehended was in the laying of the cable, and as it was quite certain that no anchors could interfere with it when it lay on the bottom of the sea at a depth of a mile or two, the problem proposed to the makers of the cable was to combine in the highest degree strength with flexibility. After numerous experiments, the size and form represented in the cut were selected as the best. The cable is quite small, being not over three quarters of an inch in diameter, and weighing eighteen hundred weight out of water and thirteen hundred weight in water to the mile; that is to say, one-eighth the weight of the Dover and Calais cable. Its heart is a strand of seven fine copper wires, twined together so closely as to produce contact throughout. The whole strand will be as one wire for telegraphic purposes, while the number of the wires will allow each of the seven to be broken in a thousand places without interrupting the communication. That can not be severed unless all seven wires are broken at the same identical spot. Over the wires is a thick coating of gutta percha, laid on with peculiar care and by repeated applications. Very nice experiments have been made to insure the capacity of this gutta percha to resist the pressure of two miles of water. Over the gutta percha is wound a covering of strands of charcoal-iron wires, each strand consisting of seven wires.

The cable, thus elaborately constructed, so far fulfills its design, that while it will support in water six miles of its own length, or say four tons weight, it is flexible enough, as Mr. Brett said, to be tied into a knot round a man's body. It will be paid out with as much ease as a hempen cord. Thus the only danger to be apprehended will be materially lessened. Once on the bed of the ocean, the cable will sink, it is supposed, twenty to forty feet in the soft shells, sand, and mud, and will thus be out of reach of accident from any source. The only chance of a mishap is during the laying of the cable; and this is diminished in proportion to its flexibity.

THE TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU.

An ingenious artist, Mr. Wells, has executed for us the section of the bed of the ocean which accompanies this article. It represents the Atlantic Ocean in section, the spectator looking from east to west or from west to east. The design of the drawing is to show how singularly this elevated submarine prairie is adapted to the purpose to which it is now to be applied.

This plateau, prairie, or "steppe," as Lieutenant Maury calls it, extends in unbroken line from Cape Race, in Newfoundland, to Cape Clear, in Ireland. Indeed it may be said to encircle the earth; for it can be followed through the British Islands into the great range which divides the Arctic waters from the waters flowing into the Baltic and other seas, crossing the continent of Asia, disappearing under the Pacific, peeping up in the Aleutian Islands, and again reappearing in the great North American range which divides the waters of the Pole from those of the great Lakes.

It is nowhere in the Atlantic above ten or twelve thousand feet below the surface of the water, while on either side of it, depths of 24,000 feet are supposed or known to exist. The whole plateau has been accurately surveyed by Lieut. Berryman, and sounded at regular intervals with Brooke's sounding apparatus, so that its surface can be mapped with more accuracy than the interior of the continents of Africa or Australia.

It is, we know, a vast cemetery, covered from end to end to the depth of several feet with dead shell-fish of microscopic size. Some of these have been brought up, and exhibit the most lovely forms, showing, by their sharpness and perfect outline, that no current exists where they lie, that no shocks disturb them, that they rest in a death-like stillness very well befitting so huge a grave.

The telegraphic wire will be the first disturber of their rest.

LAYING THE CABLE.

The distance between St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Valencia, Ireland, is 1640 miles in a straight line. In order to allow for losses, deviations from the straight line, and inequalities in the sea bottom, the length of cable prepared for the telegraph is 2500 miles.

Each of the two vessels engaged on the service will take on board half of this; they will sail from Greenwich, in company with the two pilot steamers, to the middle of the Atlantic, say somewhere in the neighborhood of longitude 32°.

We pause a moment in this matter-of-fact description, to contemplate the striking spectacle of these great men-of-war thus assembling, for the noblest of purposes, in the middle of the ocean. What a satire it will be upon their warlike armaments! How it will put the great guns, and the cutlasses, and the boarding-pikes to shame! How will the officers bear to think of their ingenious devices for destroying ships and men's lives after such a work of peace as this? We can remember the time when the first and last wish and day-dream of a "gallant Jack Tar," both in the American and the British service, was to have "a brush" with an enemy; do these "gallant Jack Tars" still survive? If they do, are they aware that this meeting of the four ships in mid-ocean will tend more to preclude the possibility of future "brushes" with an enemy, than all the treaties that have been made for a century, and all the peace-societies in the world? Do they not see that their vocation will be gone? What would Nelson and Collingwood have said of meeting a foreign first-rate in mid-ocean, to lay a cable at the bottom of the sea?

The weight of the cable being over 1000 tons for each ship, it is probable that neither will carry her usual offensive armament. A space between decks has been prepared on board the *Niagara* for the reception of her portion of the steel coil. It is in shape somewhat like a horseshoe, and the coils will be adapted to this form. Previous to laying the cable the two ships will communicate, and the ends will be carefully spliced. A telegraphic communication will then be sent through the whole to make sure that the adhesion and insulation are perfect; this experiment proved satisfactory, the part that is spliced will be strengthened with extra wire, and the two great vessels will bid each other good-by. The pilot steamers will precede them taking soundings and observations, the Americans heading for Newfoundland, the British for Ireland.

Throughout the voyage hourly messages will be sent from ship to ship; so that, in the event of a break, it will be discovered almost immediately, and the place where it occurred will be readily discovered. It is difficult to foresee how such an accident could occur, though undoubtedly some of the larger fishes possess the power of severing the line. But there is no reason to believe that in the event of a mishap of this character, the line would be lost. The longer portion could apparently be recovered by the ship to which it was attached, while the short end would, of course, be hauled up without difficulty. In such a case, seemingly, the greatest possible inconvenience would be the delay that would follow.

It has been estimated that the voyage will take eight days from the time of separation in mid-ocean. But no prudent person will expect to hear of the arrival of the vessels before the full fortnight. Including stoppages for accidents, etc., two and a half miles an hour will, we apprehend, be as fast as the line can be safely paid out.

As the ships approach their destination the cable will be changed. A large one will be substituted, nearly as thick as a man's arm, and strong enough to stand some pressure from icebergs and some strain from anchors. This will be the largest cable ever used for submarine purposes.

Assuming that the expedition will be successful, the announcement of the arrival of the *Niagara* at the terminus on Newfoundland may be simultaneous with the receipt in New York of a message from London. This will pretty effectually silence the croakers.

THE TELEGRAPH IN OPERATION.

A question has been raised whether the spark will travel unimpaired so long a distance as sixteen to eighteen hundred miles. One of the most respectable authorities on telegraph matters in the United States informed the writer some three years since that a transatlantic telegraph was an impossibility, because the fluid would "become dispersed" on so long a journey. To set at rest this cavil, Professor Morse, in company with the celebrated English telegraphists, Whitehouse and Bright, made arrangements in October last to operate on two thousand miles of wire in England. Ten subterranean gutta-percha-insulated wires of 200 miles length each, were connected during the night, and operations were prosecuted for many hours. They telegraphed signals at the rate of 210, 240, and even 270 per minute with perfect and unvarying success. There was no diminution in the force of the current, *no perceptible lapse of time between the departure and the receipt of the message.* Thus it was demonstrated that distance did not affect the transmission of signals, either in diminishing their legibility or in retarding their passage. The message which leaves Ireland will be received in Newfoundland before a second has elapsed. Professor Morse will, no doubt, himself, from the shores of Newfoundland, announce to the astonished *Times* that the ocean is abolished, and the kindred nations one.

PROFESSOR MORSE.

We are as proud of presenting to our readers his portrait at the head of this article, as he will be to achieve this crowning work for his fame. Forty years ago, when he was an art student in London, a pupil of Allston, West, and Copley, he would have gladly discounted his glory in advance for the satisfaction of painting a picture like the Death of Wolfe. Thirty years ago, when he was a poor portrait-painter at Charlestown and Boston, when he traveled through the country villages painting portraits at $15 apiece, and not unfrequently at a loss for work, a very few dollars secured safely would have satisfied his worldly aspirations. Twenty years ago, when he dreamed out the electric telegraph on board an ocean steamer, the realization of that magnificent dream seemed so distant that, though his genius saw it, his judgment shed a mist of doubts, and he dared not be positive in his conviction even to his own mind. And now all his brightest hopes are realized; he enjoys fame, a competency, a world-wide recognition.

Not many days since, in conversation with the writer, and in reply to a remark on the subject of the rival claims of Wheatstone and the European "discoverers" or "inventors" of the electric telegraph, Professor Morse cried, hastily: "Ah! Sir, but they are noble fellows; they behaved nobly to me, Sir; they are true men of science." He would not hear a word said in disparagement of the men who had done their utmost to rob him of his fame, and who had succeeded in robbing him of half his fortune.

The writer ventured to suggest a doubt of the feasibility of the transatlantic telegraph; adding that "many persons believe the line can't be laid."

"Can't! Sir, can't!" replied the venerable Professor, quickly: "I have forgotten the meaning of that word. We must succeed. When Lord Clarendon said to Mr. Field, on the occasion of their last interview, 'But suppose you lose the wire, as you lost the one to Newfoundland?' Mr. Field answered, quickly, 'Then, my lord, we shall give orders directly for the manufacture of another!'—and that, Sir," continued the Professor, with energy, "is the spirit with which we go about this matter."

We have mentioned Mr. Field's name. To him more than any other man, perhaps, is due the realization of the great transatlantic telegraph scheme. His portrait, therefore, rightly belongs to the subject. He is one of the men who do us honor. The son of a clergyman in Massachusetts, he came here a poor boy some twenty odd years ago, and fought his way steadily from a clerk's desk in a merchant's office to the head of one of the most prosperous commercial houses in the city. He has used his wealth nobly. It was he who first obtained from the Legislature of Newfoundland the charter for an ocean telegraph company to land on the island; and for the last two or three years he has been the life and soul of the company. Without the energy of Cyrus W. Field, it may well be questioned whether the project could ever have been carried out.

THE NIAGARA.

We think our readers will agree with us in congratulating our artist, Mr. Thwaites, on the sketch of the *Niagara* which accompanies these lines. Our country friends will envy us the pleasure we have enjoyed in seeing so truly lovely a craft.

She is the master-piece of the greatest ship-builder of this country and this age—the late GEORGE STEERS. In no other country but this would a man like George Steers have been allowed to build a man-of-war. Let us congratulate ourselves that in the United States the press and public can *sometimes* coerce the Circumlocution Office into common sense. The *Niagara* will do memorable honor to the whole of us. She will redeem a hotel full of tawdry, stupid embassadors. She will raise us in the estimation of the great working people of Europe.

For the benefit of the initiated, we place here on record the figures of her measurement, etc.

Tonnage	5600	
Length of keel	320	feet.
Length on deck	345	"
Breadth of beam	55	"
Depth of hold	31¼	"
Square yards canvas spread	7000	
Height of mainmast above deck	84	"
Extreme height of do.	111	"
Diameter of do.	37¼	inches.
Extreme height of fore-mast	101	feet.
Do. do. of mizzen-mast	85	"
Length of main-yard	106	"
Do. of fore-yard	94	"
Propelling power...3 engines of 1000 horse power.		
Diameter of cylinders	72	inches.
Stroke	8	feet.
Diameter of propeller	18	"

But no figures can give the reader an idea of her size, her majesty, her beauty. To see her in the water, the most experienced eye would be deceived. When the traveler enters the church of St. Peter's at Rome and gazes around him, walks up the great nave, and looks at the statues and mosaics, and columns and the rest, he almost invariably exclaims, in disappointment, "Why, is this the great church they talk of so much?" Then the knowing cicerone takes him by the arm and shows him the little angels—*bambini*—who support the shell of holy water, inquiring slyly, "What thinks the Signore of these infants?" "Ah! little angels—babies—very pretty—" replies the unsophisticated traveler. It is not till Master Pedro or Giacomo takes a tape line from his pocket and measures the babies aforesaid, and shows the "Signore" that they are *seven feet in height*, that our foreign friend awakes from his delusion and confesses that St. Peter's is after all a stupendous creation.

Just so the *Niagara*. She is so perfect in her symmetry that her size is disguised until the spectator happens to apply the tape line to some nautical baby. The least error in her construction would reveal the monster; but, like a famous French duchess, she is so lovely that you actually require to measure her to realize her immensity.

Of her sailing capacities it is premature to speak. But the best judges say that she will excel the fastest clippers, and run sixteen knots with ease, or steam twelve against wind. There is not a straight line in her hull; every where the eye meets "beauty's curve." A genuine sailor, who visited her the other day, walked over her in silence, got into his boat, was pulled round and round her without uttering a word, and at last, when pressed by his companion to give an opinion, to say something, burst into tears in the agony of his admiration at so perfect a creature.

She takes a picked crew of 490 men to England. They are likely to know the ropes, and John Bull's men will have to look sharp to hold their own. We shouldn't wonder if they showed the Britishers a thing or two. Her commander, Captain William L. Hudson, is one of the finest officers in the navy. After forty-one years' service, and a conspicuous share in the expeditions of Commodore Wilkes and Commodore Perry, he is still as young in spirit and in body as he was twenty years ago.

She leaves her guns behind. This is to be regretted—though the English have seen our "popguns" on board the *Merrimac*, and opened their eyes thereat. The *Niagara* might have carried one hundred and twenty; she has only twelve, but they are pretty little things, on the Dahlgreen method, throwing nice little balls, weighing 170 pounds each, about as heavy as a man and a boy. The London *Times* thinks that two or three vessels of the *Niagara* pattern would sail and steam round a British fleet of thirty sail, keeping out of harm's way, and quietly sink the whole fleet, one by one. We are satisfied that no such necessity will occur, and that the *Niagara*—our pet of the seas—will never have such coarse butcher-work to do; but if an opportunity did occur, if the Russians, for instance, did oblige us to give them a lesson, it might become necessary to vindicate the accuracy of the assertion of our contemporary, and we should not be surprised if the *Niagara* did it.

She is built of heart of oak, the fine ship, and will last till all of us are decayed; there is not a stick in her that has not been tested to the utmost.

Her cabins are comfortable and roomy; so are the men's quarters; the decks are lofty, the light abundant. No first-class passenger steamer will be more comfortable to sail in. Best of all, in Captain Hudson's cabin hangs a noble full-length portrait of George Steers. It was presented to the ship by the workmen who built her; no doubt the Circumlocution Office has not heard of it.

We hope it will not be the only memorial that the country will preserve of a man who has done it much honor. George Steers was, *par excellence*, a man of genius. Like Raphael, Mozart, Byron, and Kane, he died before his intellect and his manhood had reached their full maturity; yet, like them, he had already transcended all rivals. At ten years old, he astonished the neighbors and frightened his brother by building boats and sailing them. Like Horace's poet, he was born a ship-builder. But why recall what all remember—the simple but glorious events of his brief career? There is, to the man of the world, very little poetry in carpenter work—very little soul in contrivances of boards, and bolts, and knees, and timbers, and spars—very little passion in the arrangement of mathematical lines and geometrical curves; yet what higher thought than the creation of a marvel like the *Niagara*? What nobler triumph, in a practical age, than a victory over the highest skill of England in an art peculiarly English?

There is nothing exciting in the plain, manly features of our poor ship-builder. He looks—what he was—a simple, quiet, unpretending man of genius. But such men are greater gains to their country than a whole army of soldiers, or poets, or orators. They are the tug-boats of the material world.

THE DESERTED SHIP.

THERE are days in the existence of all of us whose lives are spent upon the ocean, which circumstances impress upon our hearts as with an iron brand—periods that write themselves upon our memories in emotions whose very intensity renders them ever after ineffaceable. Such to me was the nineteenth of December, eighteen hundred and—

I at this time commanded the ship *Ariadne*, and was bound from New York to Pernambuco. The day was a stormy one; and the wind, which for two days previous had been from the nor'-west and blowing a gale, had backed round to the sou'-sou'west, bringing with it thick and rainy weather. Six bells of the forenoon watch found me lying to under a close-reefed main-topsail, and at noon my dead reckoning placed me in 34° north and 57° west. For eight-and-forty hours previous I had been scudding, and, as the *Ariadne* was sometimes disposed to be wicked when overdriven, I did not feel much like leaving the deck; but after every thing was snug I descended to the cabin, and, with feelings much relieved by a consciousness that I had done my best, waited for better weather.

Four bells had gone of the afternoon watch, and I was anxiously consulting my barometer to see if it indicated any change, when the mate entered the cabin and announced that there was a dismasted ship in sight to leeward. I went on deck, and there, indistinctly to be seen through the driving mist and rain, was a dismantled hulk, at times rising into view on the summit of some wave, and then lost to sight, as she plunged and rolled in the trough of the sea.

My first impulse was to bear up for her, but prudence bade me wait till the storm was over.

We watched her with peculiar interest all of that afternoon, and were convinced, from the drift of the two vessels, that our relative positions would not alter much through the night. As soon as it was dark I placed lights in the rigging, so that any one on board of her might see that I had discovered her, and was waiting to render assistance should it be needed. But vainly I strained my eyes in the direction I had last seen her, to discover if possible some answering signal: all was dark, and I walked the deck full of anxious fears. "What if she were to founder," I asked myself, "with those lights of mine still in sight, telling those on board that help was so near, yet powerless to save? What if curses at my tardiness and fear should mingle with the dying cry of those men? Would they not haunt me for evermore? Might there not even then be eyes turned toward

the spot where I was standing that would soon be closed forever? And I—treading the deck of my good ship in safety—could not even raise a hand to save!"

I know not what it was that had impressed it on my mind that this ship was foundering, but so fully convinced was I that such was the case, that before morning dawned I had a boat ready for lowering should she be still in sight.

As the night wore away the gale abated, and at four o'clock in the morning I shook the reefs out of the topsails and set the courses, and under this sail made short tacks to windward till daylight, knowing that we should naturally drift more to leeward than she.

The wind had been again hauling slowly round to the westward, and as the first streaks of day lit up the Eastern sky, we were standing on the starboard tack to the southward. Suddenly we descried the wreck about a mile ahead, slowly rising and falling, as the night before, on the heavy swell. We stood on for her; and it was broad daylight before we within speaking distance. We had been examining her attentively with our glasses, but could see no signs of any living thing on board.

I had my trumpet in my hand, and was standing in the weather waist to speak her as we ranged up under her lee quarter; but she looked such a picture of desolation—so much like a tomb upon the ocean—that I said never a word, and put my trumpet away, determined to board her without previous questioning. We backed our main-topsail and lowered a boat, into which I got, and pulled for the wreck. Some of her ports were washed out, and once or twice I thought I saw something like a head cautiously watching us from one of them; but I soon felt convinced that such could not be the case, as she had evidently been in her present situation for a long time. Still, before I boarded her I hailed; but not even an echo came back.

Innumerable shell-fish clung to her sides, and a long, green, silky grass floated from her bends out upon the water, contrasting beautifully with the golden gulf-weed which had gathered about her. Her bulwarks were all gone on her port side, and her decks had evidently been swept several times, as not a thing was to be seen on them.

I climbed on deck by the main chains, and ordered the boat to pull off a little distance, as I could see plainly that the vessel was sinking and might be expected to go down at any moment; more especially as many of her upper seams were very open.

I walked aft and opened the companion-way leading to the cabin. A large rat, crouching in the very centre of the topmost step, slowly raised his head and fixed his eyes full upon me. My first impulse was to crush him, and my foot was raised with that intention; but still he never stirred, and never once removed his eyes from mine. A sort of fear stole over me, he looked and acted so very un-rat-like, slowly turning his head whichever way I moved, and with something like a defiant look in his eye. I wished him away from there, but did not dare to touch him. Finally, in much the same manner that one passes a gate where a bull-dog is chained, I got by him and descended to the cabin. He turned round, however, and still continued to watch me, looking down from the same place.

The water was knee-deep in the cabin, and slowly growing deeper. When I had got a little accustomed to the light, which shone dimly through a bull's-eye in the deck, I saw a sight which I shall never forget. In the centre of the cabin stood a table which was bolted to the deck, and on that table cleets were nailed to answer the same uses as the racks which we have now to keep dishes from rolling off. At the head of this table a large mahogany arm-chair was built into the transom, and sitting in this chair, with one arm outstretched and braced against the table in such a way as to keep it stationary, was a *human skeleton*.

I have a faint recollection of the horror that I felt. I remember how long I stood there watching it, and conjuring up all the probable incidents of his fate. I am certain that I was bewildered, and sought vainly many times for the cabin-door, but always came back to confront that ghostly object. A voice seemed to call me back every time I turned to go; and without being exactly aware of what I did, I took a little book of closely-written pages and a letter from the table, and placed them in the breast-pocket of my coat. The water was now rising fast, and had nearly submerged the table.

I had turned, with my senses once more about me, and was on the point of leaving the cabin, when I recollected that I had seen something like a golden chain lying upon that fleshless breast; I went back, and gently unclasping it, found it was a miniature. It had once been pressed to a beating heart, but now, alas! that heart was gone, and this alone remained to show for whom its last pulse stirred.

I hurried to the deck, the rat still occupying the same place and watching me gloomily as before. I gave him a wide berth in passing, and going to the gangway hailed my boat. I was just getting into her as she came alongside, when, casting my eyes aft, I saw that rat emerge from the companion-way and slowly approach me along the deck. "Shove off, men!" I cried, and the last thing that I saw as I left her was that rat looking at me, as I thought, sadly from one of the port-sills.

I gained my vessel, the boat was hoisted up, and we all stood watching the sinking ship. Presently a heavy wave came rolling, rolling onward, and lifted her trembling in the air; and then, with a wild plunge, she disappeared, and we saw her no more.

I made sail on my vessel, and hastened to leave the spot. The first leisure moments which I had I devoted to reading the following strange documents, which I had found on the table of the foundered ship:

"*To the Stranger who shall first enter this Cabin.*

"STRANGER!—for I pray to God that none other may ever enter here—listen to the words of a dying man! and as you expect your last earthly prayer to be heard, see that you fail not to do the little which I ask of you.

"With this letter you will find upon this table a little written book—I am myself to-day, but shall not be so long—that book will tell you all! I would send it to her, but I fear there are some things there which 'twere better she should not see. Go to her at once; you will find her address at the bottom of this page.

"It is all true, on the honor of a dying man. I am dead, all dead but my soul, and that—that will go to-day. I think it has gone once. In fact, I know it did; but it came back—so—that my bloodless hands should trace these lines.

"Tell her that I have seen her often—often upon the shore—I saw her once when she read that paper which said that I was lost. I see her now; but something is wrong. Why do they tell her that I am coming? She knows that I am here! She was with me last night—she gave me water!

"She said that she would come to-day—but I—I am going—going—not to her. And yet—she sees me—and she smiles—no! weeps. But she will come! and if I am not here—will she follow to where I am going? Where—where is that? Where?—"

The above was without date or subscription, and was exactly, word for word, as it is here written. The little book to which the letter refers I give as follows, precisely as I found it:

"*Ship Margaret, at Sea, September* 20, 1831.

"MY SWEET ELLEN—This is the Sabbath, and the anniversary of the happiest day of my life. I commence these little records particularly to-day, in order that, should you ever see them, you may know that it was remembered as fondly as ever.

"You know I could never write much, unless it was of or to you; but I never dreamed that I should ever have to recount to you so fearful a story as that which you will find written in these pages.

"Let me commence my task, for my hopes are growing fainter, and only thoughts of you can revive them. Whenever I dwell upon that fearful night a cloud darkens over me, and I ask myself bitterly, 'Why was I spared?' It is not the death that I fear at all, sweet Ellen—only the leaving you! But let me be brief, and tell you what has brought me to this strait, and then I can talk to you, sweet Ellen, of other things.

"On the twenty-first of August last, being in the latitude of 30° north, and longitude 56° west, my ship was struck by a hurricane, which took every mast out of her, and almost at the same instant she was boarded by a heavy sea which swept her decks completely, carrying overboard every soul but myself. All hands were on deck at the time, and I had only descended to the cabin for an instant, or I should have shared their fate.

"My God! Ellen, you would have pitied me, could you have seen me when I came on deck, and first became aware of their fearful fate. It was in vain that I called in different parts of the ship—no voice replied! I could not realize that *all, all* were gone. I got a lantern and searched in different places—the forecastle, the steerage, even the cabin. Alone—all alone! I could not believe it. But the night came, and then it began to dawn upon me.

"I knew that ships were continually passing, and all day long I watched, watched, but in vain. I had no fears of hunger, for there was abundance of bread on board; nor yet of the ship's sinking, for she was new and strong, and I had tried the pumps often, and found that she made no water; neither did I have much fear of suffering from thirst, for there were two casks of water in the run, out of one of which I have ever since been using.

"Every thing, including water-casks, boats, and galley, had been swept from the decks, and the only water on board was in these two casks.

"Day after day went by, and still, as long as there was a ray of light in the sky, I watched and watched, and hoped and prayed. Sometimes I would imagine that I saw a sail in the distance, and then I would strain my tired eyes till hope became almost a certainty, and then I would become blinded with tears of thankfulness and joy. Too soon, however, I would learn that it was only a fleeting cloud on which I had built my hopes.

"I soon learned that it was a hopeless thing to ever think of getting any where with the ship. I believe that I am in some central spot, where all the currents and winds of this ocean meet. If by any chance the winds drive me a little to the westward, I am sure to have a current that will set me back to the eastward again, and *vice versa*. I only hope now to fall in with some ship which will take me off.

"A month has gone by since this fearful dispensation; and I have striven, Ellen dear, not to repine at my own fate. I have your miniature continually before my eyes, and I pray to God that his comforting angel may visit me in your form. I nightly beseech him that you may appear to me in my dreams, so that my waking hours may be comforted by my visions of the night. And, Ellen, Ellen, you do come; I feel that you are with me always!

"It is a beautiful Sabbath; and I am writing this on the companion-way, so that I may watch at the same time.

"A sail! Ellen, a sail! I have been looking at her through my glass. She is a ship standing to the southward, and *must* come in sight of me. I can see all three of her topgallant-sails. Pray, Ellen, pray for me!—pray that she may not go by without seeing me. My God! my God! do not desert me!

"I have got an oar, Ellen—it is the longest thing like a spar on board—I have set the ensign on it, and have lashed it up as high as I can get it to the stump of the mizen-mast. They can not help but see this.

"It is four o'clock now, dearest, of the afternoon; the breeze is light—very light, but the stranger ship, thank God! is drawing nearer and nearer. I can see the heads of her topsails now. They could see me easily from aloft on board of her, and perhaps they do, as she seems to be standing directly for me. I have been looking carefully with my glass to see if I could make out any one aloft on board of her, but can not. I fear my eyesight is impaired from too much use of late.

"It is five o'clock, Ellen, love, and calm. The stranger ship is still distant, but I can see the second reefs of her topsails. Pray, Ellen!—pray for a little breeze to bring her a short distance more, so that they may see my flag!

"It is six o'clock, my poor Ellen, and darkness is coming on. I can scarcely see the stranger ship, although she is still in the same place; and it is still calm. Would to God that it might continue so till to-morrow! If a breeze should spring up in the night, that ship would pass without seeing me. Pray, Ellen! pray, my poor, dear Ellen, for a calm!

"I have hauled my ensign down, and have set a lantern in its place. I feel light airs from the northwest, and fear a breeze.

"It is twelve o'clock, Ellen dear, and blowing freshly from the northwest. As soon as the breeze set in I commenced firing muskets and burning powder, but as yet have seen nothing of the ship. My God! my God! do not let her pass me!

"It is four o'clock now, love, of the morning, and it is blowing a gale. I am lashed to the companion-way, as almost every wave makes a complete breach over my poor ship. Hope is growing fainter; and I long for, and yet almost fear to see, the breaking day.

"The daylight has come, my poor, dear darling, of the 21st of September. I have not looked yet—I dare not look. God strengthen me!

"I have looked, Ellen, and am alone. The stranger ship has gone on her way, and left me to my fate. Now pray, Ellen, for my hopes are all crushed down. I did not dare to own even to myself that they were so high—I dared not, even for an instant, allow myself to think that that ship would go by. But she is gone, Ellen, and I have nothing left but thoughts of you.

"*Monday, September* 28.—I have been ill, dear Ellen, for nearly a week; a burning fever seized upon me on Tuesday last, and I have suffered much. When I felt it coming on, I got a pitcher of water and some biscuit and placed them beside my berth, and well for me I did so, as my strength, and I believe my senses too, all left me.

"I dare not write it as a reality, but I think on the day when I was the worst that I was boarded by a boat. I know it was *then* or some other time, for I heard the stroke of the oars as she came alongside; I heard the tread of feet upon the deck, and strange voices sounded in my ears, as of people conversing near me. And another strange circumstance for which I can not account—the ship's log-book was lying upon the table when I was first taken sick, and is now nowhere to be found.

"Can people have been in the cabin, where I was lying between life and death, without knowing that I was there?

"Ellen, I know not what I have done to require so fearful a retribution! Were it not for you, I feel that it could not—that it *should not* last. For thirty-eight days I have dwelt alone; and you know how fearful solitude always was to me. If you recollect when we first moved to our new house on the Vineyard, the summer that I remained at home, if you chanced to be absent for a day you would always come back and find me sad. Companionship was ever one of the most urgent needs of my existence, and now from this I am completely debarred.

"I have some books on board, but I can not read; my mind refuses to withdraw itself from the burning thoughts that are fast destroying its once calm balance. I could not write were it not to you! I have kept a record of the time, through sickness and every thing else up to to-day; and now it has become so much a matter of habit with me, that I believe if I should go mad—which God forefend!—I should still mechanically, each morning, mark the day in the almanac.

"I have two or three times, my poor Ellen, made up my mind to say nothing of what I am about to relate, lest that you should think my mind had given way at length to childish idiocy. But I beg of you, my dear love, to weigh every word of what I now write, and ask yourself if a disorganized mind could tell so strange a thing in so clear and coherent a manner.

"As I said before, when I felt my sickness approaching, I placed some bread and water within my reach upon the transom; but the fever parched my mouth so, that when I really needed it I could not eat the bread, and nothing passed my lips for nearly the whole time but a little water. The rats would gather upon the transom, and sometimes approach and look into my berth, wholly undisturbed by my presence. And several times, as if aware of my situation, when seeking some of their lurking-places, they would cross deliberately over me. Some stories which I had read of their attacking human beings worked upon my mind, and two or three times when I thought they appeared menacing, I nerved myself for a desperate encounter, and prayed to God not to let me die so fearful a death. Even then, when I wished to die, the thought of dying so was horrible.

"I think it was on the third day of my sickness, I was perfectly conscious, and was watching the rats as they chased one another about the transom. Suddenly I observed a kind of panic among them, and they all fled and huddled themselves up in a corner, squirming, and each endeavoring to get under the other. It was not the fear that is inspired among them by the approach of a human being, nor yet of a cat. They acted as I had never seen them before, and I half raised myself on my elbow to observe the cause.

"I heard a sound as of something descending the companion-way, and an instant after an enormous rat, the largest I have ever seen, slowly entered the cabin and stood looking about him. Presently, with the same deliberate movement, he jumped upon the table and thence to the transom, and approached the frightened crowd who were cowering in the corner. They seemed to be powerless from fear, and he deliberately seized some five or six of them in his teeth and hove them lifeless upon the floor before the rest fled. Having accomplished this feat, he crept near the edge of the transom by my berth, and stretching himself out like a dog, with his head between his fore feet, lay there watching me. I stretched out my hand and gently stroked his head, half fearing that he would resent it, but he did not, and, on the contrary, in a grave sort of a way, seemed pleased at the attention. Since then he has never left me but once, and I judged on this occasion from the tumult in different parts of the vessel, that he was engaged in an indiscriminate massacre of all of his kind. At all events, no rat-like sound has since broke upon my ears, and I have come to the conclusion that he and I are the only things living in the vessel.

"He attaches himself to me, and follows me wherever I go; but it is not the affection which a pet generally has for its master, but a solemn, grave watchfulness, more in keeping with my present state. I do not think I should like him if he were frisky and playful.

"I sometimes think that he purposely cut himself off from every creature of his kind, so that I could not envy him the happiness of their society. In the similarity of our positions, he thought as it were to bring a kind of comfort to my heart through the common sympathy of misfortune.

"Did I believe in the doctrines of Pythagoras, dear Ellen, I should ask vainly what friend could assume so strange a shape, or could come in such guise to teach resignation to a doomed man. There is but one that I can think of in this connection, and that is Uncle Roland. He had a way, I recollect, during your last illness, when I was troubled and anxious about you, of stealing into the room and sitting himself quietly down near me. He never said any thing, but his looks always brought more comfort to me than words could have done. Although he was always so quiet, they told great stories about him, and you may recollect how bravely he acted on board of the *General Armstrong*.

"Well, Ellen, I call my rat 'Uncle Roland,' and he seems to understand and like the name. If I remember rightly, it was on the 24th of September that he came to me; and I wish you, dear Ellen, to remark the day and find out where my real Uncle Roland was then.

"The night has come, love! I have been on deck many times to-day looking for a sail, but nothing, nothing have I seen. Good-night, my sweet, dear Ellen! Good-night!

"*October* .....—I have lost the day, dear Ellen, but I think it is about two weeks since I wrote the last. On the day after, I think it was, a strong breeze sprang up from the northeast, and I thought for the time that I had drifted into the northeast trades. I went to work and got up a spare topgallant-sail, and by lashing oars together (a few of which happened to be below) succeeded in getting it set forward. I then took the wheel and kept her away west-southwest, going about two knots, and hoping to reach some of the West India Islands, or fall in with some homeward-bound vessels from South America.

"I do not know how many suns I saw while I stood at that wheel, but they were four or five; and at last I do not think I knew which was in the heavens, the moon, which was at its full, or the sun. The weather was warm in the day time, and at night I had a blanket which I threw over my shoulders. Uncle Roland took up his quarters on the binnacle, and never left me—watching me all day in a kindly, compassionate way.

"At length nature could endure it no longer, and I sank exhausted to the deck.

"I know not how long I remained where I had fallen, whether hours only or days had been numbered while I slept. I only know that I awoke as one from a long sleep.

"I found myself covered with the blanket: no one but Uncle Roland could have done this. I jumped to my feet, and found my limbs so paralyzed that I could hardly stand. I grasped the binnacle for support, and Uncle Roland came and rubbed his wet head against my hand. I looked about me; the rain was falling in torrents, and my clothes were completely saturated.

"A sou'wester had set in while I slept, and swept my poor jury-mast, sail and all, away; and the ship was now drifting rapidly away to the northeast, thus losing to me all that I had suffered so much to gain.

"Sick at heart and feeble, I crept away to the cabin, Uncle Roland following me slowly down the stairs. A dizziness comes over me, dear Ellen, and I can write no more. . . . .

"*Another day.*—I think I was writing you about a storm, my love! It is all over now and calm. I can not bear to look upon the sea; for, although my brain is active and clear yet, my eyes are growing dim; they can not bear the glaring sun's reflection from the water. Pity me, my poor, dear love, for I am growing blind!

"Shall I tell you about the water? I hardly know. Yes! I'll tell you, for I wish you to know, dear, that, when in the midst of the very worst and most prolonged sufferings that human nature can endure, I never once forgot you or the deep, pure, more than mortal love with which you have ever inspired me.

"I wish you to feel, dear, so that it may be some balm to your own sorrow, that you have kindled an affection in one human heart which prosperity could not eclipse, suffering cause to forget, nor death vanquish. I wish to prove to you,

dearest, that the very force of this love kept reason in its place long after it otherwise would have been dethroned.

"To-day I went to broach my second cask of water, the first, which was not full when I commenced using it, being all out. Judge of my horror, Ellen, when I found the cask *empty*. There had been a leak which I knew not of, and the water was all gone.

"I have a little in a pitcher, and I pray for rain. Uncle Roland knows it, and will not touch the smallest drop.

"It is calm, and the sun is burning hot. I dare not go on deck till the evening comes, lest the heat should excite too great a thirst. . . . . ."

"Many, many days have gone, Ellen, since I wrote last. I thought I was dying once, but life came back and I lingered on. The water was all gone, and then came fever. The rain did not come when it would have saved me, but the hot, hot sun shone ever.

"My lips are parched and swollen, my tongue—I can not tell it to you. . . . ."

"I have crept to the table to write to you perhaps for the last time. Your miniature I keep next to my heart now, for I fear that my strength will leave me suddenly, and I have always meant to die with *you* or *that picture* where it now is pressed.

"Of our child, Ellen, I must now speak. I have not spoken of her before, for a faint hope has clung to me until now. I would have you, Ellen, train her to be as much like yourself as you can; and if, without thwarting her young heart, you can, when she shall have arrived at the proper age, keep her from marrying a sailor, I wish you in God's name to do so.

"I know full well that there is no class of men so devoted, so affectionate, and so worthy of having the best of wives as my own; but I would save our child, Ellen, were it possible, from ever knowing the grief that you must now feel . . . ."

"I had written thus far when I fainted; but life still clings to me, and reason, I know, will to the last.

"Uncle Roland is on the table, and watches me more sorrowfully than ever.

"I have written a letter, and shall leave it on the table giving whoever shall board the ship directions where to find you. I am *afraid it is not right, as I was not writing to you, and my mind is not clear on other things* . . . . ."

"I have fainted two or three times, and I feel that this is the last. All looks dim to me now. I see Uncle Roland; he has crept nearer to me, and rubs his head against my hand. I do not feel the pen between my fingers, nor see the words which I know it leaves on the paper.

"I think the night is coming, all looks so black. Good-night, my Ellen! good-night! The light is all—all gone . . . . ."

Upon my return to the United States from the voyage on which I was bound, I visited Martha's Vineyard, according to the instructions of the letter, for the purpose of fulfilling the sad mission that had been so strangely laid upon me.

But I found that I came upon a bootless errand, as she who had inspired the rare love which was breathed in every word of the strange diary had long since joined him who wrote it in a better world. News had come home that the *Margaret* had been encountered at sea, with her decks swept, dismasted, and abandoned; and when month after month went by and no further tidings came, and when the second year came on, and still no tidings, her heart, which had been buoyed up by a hope that every day grew weaker, foundered like that ship at sea.

A fair child of some four or five summers was pointed out to me as the daughter of Ellen; and I knew full well, from the miniature in my possession, that the father's wish that the child should be like the mother would be realized at least in one respect. I deemed that I fulfilled the limit of my duty by placing the miniature around the child's neck, and telling her that it was a gift from her father.

An inscription upon a simple slab, in the old grave-yard at Edgartown, brought to mind a remarkable coincidence. It was as follows:

ROLAND THORNE
Departed this Life
SEPT. 24TH, 18—.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. W., Grand Coteau. His request is attended to.

X., Philadelphia. The book in question was written by Barry Cornwall, the poet.

FRANKE. See the forthcoming Life and Journals of Dr. Kane, now preparing from his papers.

C. H. H. The poem was written by Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, now Mrs. Howell, of Philadelphia.

"U. S. N.," "W. B. S.," "Y. C.," "QUAD," etc., communications received from, which shall have attention.

A SOLDIER'S NOTION OF WHAT GIRLS SHOULD LEARN.—"After the death of his wife, Sir Charles Napier removed to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence; to teach them accounts, that they might learn the value of money; work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor; cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a Revolution."—*Sir William Napier's Life of his Brother.*

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.—No man can be considered popular till he has been caricatured, and no poem or song is fixed in public estimation till it has been parodied. The English are foremost in this style of *compliment*, and the great art-critic, Mr. Ruskin, meets with his full share. A clever young artist has been making caricature sketches of the pictures in the last Royal Academy Exhibition with accompanying criticisms, in the oracular style which Mr. Ruskin employs for his opinions on art and its professors. Thus Hunt's famous pre-Raphaelite picture, "The Scape Goat," is changed into the old tavern sign, "The Goat and Compasses," and the appended note (a capital take-off of the writer's smaller affectations) is "The most thoughtful picture in the room. Give it much time. The execution of the goat's beard is as close and wonderful a piece of work as there is on the Academy walls. Note the perfect foreshortening of the pivot in the compasses. Though I can not estimate too highly the temper and toil which have produced this picture for us, I could have wished that the treatment of the foreground in the right-hand corner had been more sternly realistic. Suppose, however, that, like myself, the painter was tired with work."

PICKWICK ABROAD.—Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney in his survey of the River Euphrates, was for a time in the service of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the Pasha, who was so delighted with it that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pasha had been interrupted.

For Notes and Queries:

THE RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—Every paper one takes up is full of stories and sketches, more or less apocryphal, of this great "Hebrew-Caucasian" family, as Mr. Disraeli would call them; but I do not remember seeing it noticed that their ascent in the financial scale grew out of events connected with the American Revolutionary War. All agree that the first impulse given to the fortunes of the elder Rothschild was by the Elector of Hesse Cassel, who intrusted a very large sum to the safe keeping of the Frankfort banker when the French Revolutionary armies were approaching the Rhine. The fact of a German prince having so much spare "cash on hand" would seem apocryphal if related of any other than this Elector. From the year 1776 to 1784 he received from the British government about three millions sterling, for hire of the well-known "Hessians" who figure in our revolutionary history. Frederic the Great's opinion of this transaction was amusingly shown by his demanding of any of these stipendiary troops who passed through his dominions the same toll that was paid for animals. "They are sold," said he, "like sheep or oxen, and they must pay the same." It is certain that but for the British subsidies the Elector of Hesse would have been as poor as his brother princes, and the fame of the Rothschilds might have been confined to the Frankfort *Ghetto*, so curiously connected are events in this world.

WALL STREET.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND LORD RAGLAN.—A touching instance of the Iron Duke's delicacy of feeling, which he usually concealed under a severe and stoical bearing, is related in a sketch of Lord Raglan. When the battle of Waterloo was over, he (Lord R.) wrote a few lines to his newly-married wife to say that they were all safe. A few minutes after a stray shot shattered his right elbow, so that amputation was necessary. While lying confined by his wound, his chief anxiety was the fear that this loss might unfit him for the continuance of his office of Military Secretary to the Duke. Among the staff officers at the time was Sir Felton Hervey (the first husband of Miss Caton of Baltimore, the present Duchess of Leeds). He had sustained the loss of his right arm—a circumstance which has become almost historical from the gallant trait recorded of a French officer at the battle of Salamanca, who raised his sword to cut him down, but, seeing his unprotected state, gracefully waved it in a military salute and rode on. At the first visit the Duke of Wellington paid to the wounded man, he told his mother, after leaving the invalid's chamber, that he had appointed Sir Felton Hervey to be his secretary *pro tempore*—a most ingenious and delicate way of dispelling the nervous apprehensions of the sufferer, which was fully appreciated by himself and his family. His intimate connection with the Duke continued to the end of his old commander's life.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.—The annexed invitation was sent by George Colman to William A. Downs, better known at the period as "Fat Major Downs," of the St. James's Loyal Volunteers, a fellow of infinite humor, though professing the *grave* trade of an undertaker:

"*Dec.* 3, 1809.

"BOISTEROUS SIR (In whom all 'the fleet was moored,' as the poet sings),—What effect had the heavy gale of wind upon you one night this last week? I apprehend that it caused a tremendous swell, and that you must have run very high. It is with painful anxiety that I wait for a detail of the damages done to the shipping which lay at anchor in you in such tempestuous weather.

"Your name brings to mind, dear funereal Downs,
Both your coffins and one of our maritime towns;
Renowned undertaker! all mortals must feel
That we can't mention *Downs* without thinking on *Deal*.
Derry Downs, Downs, Downs, Derry Downs.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow at five, to meet the great Liston and his little wife, etc., etc.? Send a goose, i. e. (*Latinè*), *an anser*.

"WM. A. DOWNS, Esq."

DR. FRANKLIN IN PARIS.—In the early part of the American War Franklin went to Paris, in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful, and being invited to a large party, a gentleman observed, "It must be owned, Sir, that America now exhibits to us a grand and magnificent spectacle!" "True," replied the Doctor, dryly, "*but the spectators do not pay!*"

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

HOOPS.

[*Enter* PATER FAMILIAS, *muddy and out of breath.*]

AUNT. "Well, Mr. C——, have you thought of *Harper's Weekly* this afternoon? Give it to me, if you please. (AUNT *takes out her spectacles and unfolds the journal.*) Humph! hoops again, I see! More remarks, more inquiries, more ridicule!"

CORNELIA. "Really, this discussion and sarcasm is very foolish. It's a law of nature that all things, great and small, should move in certain cycles, more or less known. Hoops have been worn centuries ago, they are being worn now, and they will, probably, be worn again and again before the close of the present social phase in the history of human progress. It is about as sensible to find fault with this revival as it would be to object to the precession of the equinoxes."

GEORGE. "Halloa! Cornelia; stop a minute. You're getting out of your depth. Now go on, if you like. Precession of equinoxes! that's your cue. (*In a stage whisper.*) What *does* she mean, I wonder!"

AUNT. "Be respectful, George, to your sisters before every thing, or you'll never find a good wife."

ANGELINA. "Well, I do wish some one would tell us, really and truly, the origin of hoops, and the very first person who wore them."

CORNELIA (*who is historical and accurate, walks majestically to the bookcase, and selects some heavy volume*). "It is well known that Queen Mary was the first person who introduced them to general use in England; but where she got them is the question."

AUNT. "Oh, yes! We all know that they were patronized by Elizabeth too, disagreeable woman that she was!"

CORNELIA (*poring over her book*). "It seems the ladies of the Stuart courts had too much good taste to follow such freaks, and instead of her stiff-necked-ness, we had the graceful portraits of Vandyke, and the elegance of the Lely beauties. At the end of that century they were again brought into fashion, I believe by some mistress of Louis XIV., and were universally worn until the close of that era, and the outbreak of the French Revolution. After fifty years of disuse they are once more in vogue, and promise to be as popular as ever."

GEORGE. "That's as much as we can digest at present, Corny. If you don't pull up, we shall forget it all."

AUNT. "But I really don't understand why there's all this outcry about hoops in particular, when, for the last ten or twelve years, women have been extending their skirts to the utmost, by every known and unknown means. The look of the thing, if properly managed, is not much worse than the heaps of petticoats—a dozen and fourteen at a time—that you girls used to load yourselves with. I've seen you try all sorts of things, one after another, and heard all sorts of grumbling about the skirts not being starched enough, until that poor laundry-maid has been worn out with you all. At one time the corded muslin was thought perfection. Then came the crinoline, in all its shades and varieties."

ANGELINA. "Yes, Aunt, but crinoline's no use. It's always getting soiled, and you can't have it cleaned, and it soon becomes crushed, and good ones cost a great deal. I've ruined myself in buying new crinolines!"

AUNT. "Then you were continually sewing buckram—stiff buckram—into the hems, and giving yourselves all sorts of agonies, to make the dress 'set out round the bottom.' The next thing I see is immense coils of stout cord, thick enough for the submarine cable, lying about the house in all directions. What on earth is that for? The girls are mad, I think! Oh! that's for skirts again, is it? Well, of course, from thick rope and starched muslin, it's not very far to jump to whalebone and a hoop complete. But, dear me! they're rather airy at first! Don't you remember Mrs. What's-her-name, running in to show off hers last year, and to give us the benefit of the first time of wearing—she full of her hoop, and the hoop not half full of her! 'How do I look?' she asked. 'I tell you the truth, I feel quite undressed! The hoop takes your clothes away from you, and all the wind blows about your legs! I am sure I've taken cold.' No doubt she had, for she has been grunting about the rheumatism all the winter."

ANGELINA. "But it's easy enough, aunt, to prevent that, by wearing some warm things under the hoop, so that they needn't *all* be carried to a distance by it."

"Well, my dear, it requires practice and experience to wear them, I suppose; like every thing else, it has to be learned, or we shouldn't see the sights we have seen owing to the want of proper management. Look at some ladies entering a crowded stage, where, of course, they naturally desire to occupy as little room as possible. They stumble in, all sail set, and plump down on a space not five inches wide. Of course the skirts and flounces fly right and left, and completely bury the gentlemen on either side. A bold man will venture, perhaps, to put out his hand, very gently though, and repel the overwhelming avalanche. The lady smooths down her gown. Out it bulges at the right, and irritates the gentleman on *that* side. She gives it a smart slap, and down it goes, only to send out the other hemisphere on the left, which bursts forth at last in the very centre, maybe, of the unsocial circle. All the gentlemen watch these proceedings. Some look on philosophically—the married ones, no doubt; while the bachelors evince a keen and vivid interest, and the most polite can not restrain a lurking smile. The lady turns black as thunder, and makes an effort to look perfectly unconscious, but it never succeeds; while the others, whose hoops are in order, look particularly calm and serene, as if they had never in all their lives gone through the same torturing experience.

"Then, again, you don't think, many of you, about having your dresses long enough to look graceful. Why, Julia had all her summer things, last year, made without thinking about her hoop, and when she came to try them on, they were four or five inches off the ground! What can be more ugly and graceless than a woman inside this barrel-like frame-work, and the skirts ever so far from the floor? It is only equaled by the neglect of many persons to wear enough over the hoop to conceal it. See the ladies sailing up Broadway in the afternoon against a gentle breeze; one-half of them have the skeleton of their toilet clearly defined against the silk gown, and looking really frightful! Don't you recollect Mrs. Davies, at her grand *soirée* last winter—the first inauguration of her hoops, I suspect it was? Don't you remember how she came toward us, walking up the whole length of the drawing-rooms, and making a current of air against herself as she hurried along? I shall never forget her, all 'urbanity and turbanity,' with a very light dress, and, I was going to say, nothing but the hoop besides; for, as she swept along, you could count every bone in her—structure; and she all the while looking the essence of conscious elegance!

"But that's not the worst; see them at a ball. There's a pretty creature, with the most charming toilet, and face and manners to match, throwing herself, with *nonchalant* grace, on an inviting lounge after a panting waltz. Well; unfortunately the hoop is a complete circle, and will not allow one fold of her airy drapery to fall around her feet. No; there it stands up, bearing aloft the edge of her garments almost on a level with her own reclining head!"

GEORGE. "Yes, it is so; and I can assure you, girls, the display afforded to the beholders opposite is interesting beyond description! There's another thing. I know exactly the most popular style of garter only from passing the high stoops at the moment the young ladies happen to be going up and down the numerous steps. Some of them are very steep indeed, you know!"

AUNT. "Hush, George! Be quiet!"

GEORGE. "Do let me tell them, now! it's right they should know. Why, only just this moment, as I was coming up the block, I met Miss Simmons—Magpie, I call her—dressed in her black gown and white cape. She goes tripping up the steps, and then I see the black lining and the white skirt. She runs up another step or two, and by that time I am just opposite the door and under the shelter of the hospitable hoop, which reveals to me more black and white, viz., a pair of black stockings and white pantalets! Fine tucks those were, and a neat little scalloped border! I counted them! No, I needn't be quiet! I only want to caution them to have all things in proper order, for there are no longer any 'mysteries of the toilet;' every thing is open to the severest inspection! We see at once the full allowance of trimming, and whether any thing wants mending! Now, there's Mrs. ——. Well, well; don't be cross. I only wish to tell you to be careful that the under-garments *do* cover you; because the upper ones are so independent that they are no protection at all."

ANGELINA (*distressed*). "I assure you, George, that is not always the case. When the hoops are made open in front, they can be lapped over. They are quite manageable then."

AUNT. "Oh, there's no end to the inventions and dodges, I know; look at the gutta percha and steel contrivances, and all sorts of things. Steel, forsooth! Dressing one's self in steel, as if something extra were necessary to strike sparks from the flinty hearts around us. Steel skirts! This is indeed the iron age!"

ANGELINA. "But they are very useful; much more flexible than whalebone, and don't break away so fast."

AUNT. "Useful! Yes; like Mrs. Smith's, that she sent in the other morning to be looked at. Fifteen dollars it cost her, and she can't sit down in it! Why, if she's caught in a shower, she is literally obliged to walk all the way home; and, good Lord! what *is* she to do in a thunder-storm, I wonder? We shall have to wear lightning-conductors next."

ANGELINA. "But don't you think there is any advantage at all in them, Aunt?"

AUNT. "Advantage! Well—yes, my dear; there are reasons, delicate reasons, that make many ladies find hoops extremely useful. The figures of wives and mothers are *not* always fit to be seen; and, for my part, I must own I am rather glad to ignore some of the little 'interesting events' that are so continually going on around one, for I get quite tired of asking every other lady of my acquaintance, in a low tone of sympathy, 'When do you expect?' Thanks be to hoops, we need know nothing about it until it's all over! If you *must* wear hoops, pray be particular. George has given you *his* advice, to wear something underneath; and I give you *mine*, to wear plenty of skirts above!"

THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY'S DINNER.

WE have the pleasure of engraving this week the dinner of the Saint George's Society, which was given at Delmonico's on 23d of April, the anniversary of England's patron saint. We also give a portrait of his Excellency Lord Napier, British Plenipotentiary to Washington, who accepted the Society's invitation to be present at the dinner.

The Society itself is one which commends itself alike to the friendly regard of Englishmen and Americans. Framed with the noble design of relieving the distresses of indigent Englishmen, it has the power of doing much good. Many and many an Englishman has reason to bless it. It dates from a period anterior to the first Congress. There was a St. George's Society, indeed, in New York before the Revolution; but the present body modestly claims no higher antiquity than an origin in the year 1786. In that year a fine, generous Englishman, bearing the fine old English name of John Wilkes, was stirred to organize some association for the purpose of relieving the distresses of such Englishmen as were thrown on our shores in a destitute condition. He was well seconded by other generous Englishmen residing here; and in due course a Society was founded to carry out the benevolent views of its projector, having for emblem the conventional knight spearing the impossible dragon, and for title the name of the bacon-seller of Cappadocia.

It throve. At times it has waned, and the annual assemblies have seemed thin; but these obscurations have always been temporary, and when the skies looked darkest, the Englishmen have never failed to rally to the support of their patron saint. For there is this virtue in Englishmen: though they do not easily accommodate themselves to changes of meridian or of circumstances—though they have a general idea that the earth is theirs and the greatness thereof, all other nations being trespassers enjoying a frolic in impunity, by reason of the accidental somnolency of the British lion—yet they claim our respect by their unswerving, life-long loyalty to their native land. All the other elements of our population lose their distinctive characteristics, and in time coalesce with the mass around them; the Englishman remains an Englishman to the day of his death, and expects his American children to sing "Rule Britannia" from generation to generation. Let us honor them for it; such constancy is heroic.

At the dinner on Thursday there was a larger assemblage than usual gathered round the hospitable board. The great attraction was, of course, the presence of the British Minister, Lord Napier. As it was, so to speak, his first public appearance on this or any stage, much curiosity was felt about what he might say. His family warranted great expectations; the Napiers have not only verified their motto—*Sans tache*—but have furnished more leading minds to England than any other family of the present age. His services, though not particularly striking, as attaché and secretary to various second and third rate embassies, at Vienna, Constantinople, Naples, Teheran, and such places, still held out a promise that he would acquit himself as a thorough man of the world; while his literary efforts, which have classed him among the agreeable rather than the powerful writers of the day, gave an earnest of a graceful classic postprandial speech.

Let us hasten to say that Lord Napier justified all the expectations of his friends, and did more. His speech is one of the best, considering every thing, that was ever delivered by a foreign nobleman in this country. It is a wonderful speech for a diplomatist; it seems to leave nothing untold. This man tells us all the family secrets. Does he not see that he is destroying his vocation? Poor Crampton, of blessed memory, made his living by picking holes in the coats of all the Americans he met, and forwarding a fac-simile of the rents to his Government. Sir Henry Bulwer could not resist the bland fascination of a political fib; he thought truth unprofessional. And the others, the poor gentlemen who were sent here to console them for the failure of their attempts to get into the customs at home, and the fine gentlemen who came here to air their nobility after a season of dissipation, and the honest gentlemen who came to see whether the bowie-knife was a myth, and the democrat a fabulous being like Satyrs and Centaurs, what did they do for the two countries but set them by the ears?

Lord Napier inaugurates a new *régime*. Hear him:

Gentlemen, I have undertaken my duties at a most auspicious period. I can assure you that I have met on the part of the President of the United States, on the part of General Cass, and on the part of all the Ministers and functionaries of the United States with whom I have been brought into contact, every manifestation of that cordial and friendly disposition which animates the government and the community of Great Britain. There are no questions worthy any degree of anxiety or apprehension pending between the two countries. I am sometimes disposed to hope that the time may soon come when there will be scarcely any subject of official correspondence at all. If I must not flatter myself with that agreeable prospect of official vacuity, if I must look forward to my fair and natural share of discussions and debates, we have certainly, gentlemen, in the experience of the past the best grounds for believing that there will not be a question so difficult or so complicated that it may not meet with a prompt, with a peaceful, and with an honorable solution.

In reference to entangling alliances, he said:

Gentlemen, I am justified in saying that by an easy exercise of frankness, of mutual forbearance and indulgence, no question can arise between our countries which will not admit of an easy and equitable settlement. But, gentlemen, I desire more than cordiality—I desire co-operation. Now, gentlemen, I do not wish to alarm the citizens of the United States who are here, by raising before their averted eyes the phantom of entangling alliances. Entangling alliances, gentlemen, are a kind of political spectre which seems to have descended, with undiminished terrors, from the period of the Revolution to the present day. There may be useful co-operation where there are no written engagements; and, gentlemen, where the heart is wanting, there may be written engagements without useful co-operation. All that I wish, gentlemen, is that our respective governments shall mutually make an early and sincere declaration and avowal to each other of their views and intentions with reference to all subjects that involve the common interests of the two countries; whereby, gentlemen, they will have the benefit of mutual good offices, and of mutual counsel, and they will be able to avoid those one-sided resolutions, and those startling announcements that are apt to disturb the confidence of commerce, and to excite the jealousy and sensibilities of two high-spirited nations. The only entangling alliance, gentlemen, that I shall venture to recommend to your attention, is the submarine cable between Liverpool and New York.

And he disposed of the old fallacy about British jealousy in these terms:

Gentlemen, since my arrival I have sometimes observed an impression in the United States that the development of this country is regarded with jealousy in England. This, gentlemen, is an erroneous opinion. You will bear me out in affirming that the last vestiges of former prejudices, caused by the animosities of the two unhappy wars, are being very speedily extinguished. The peaceful and legitimate expansion of the United States is a matter of satisfaction and pride to every reasonable Englishman. That expansion affords the best resort and relief to our superabundant population—it forms the best market for our increasing industry—it is the triumph of our labor and our arts, of our language, our religion, and our blood. No thoughtful Englishman can contemplate this unparalleled spectacle of future predominance without emotions of thankfulness and exultation—no thoughtful foreigner can regard it without a sigh, because Providence has not reserved the prospective empire of the world for his own tongue and his own race. Gentlemen, these sentiments of sympathy and good-will to which I give a feeble utterance are, believe me, not rare or partial in our country, nor do I derive them from obscure authority. I have gathered these sentiments in the benevolent pages of a Carlisle, in the wise conclusions of an Aberdeen, and in the eloquent declarations of an Elgin. I have heard these sentiments declared and enforced from the benches of Government, and I have heard them echoed back from the benches of the opposition. These sentiments have been inculcated in me with sincere and careful emphasis by the Earl of Clarendon, and by that noble Viscount who is first in the councils and the hearts of the British people. Finally, gentlemen, I have received these sentiments as a fruitful trust from the hands of my sovereign, and I will not lay up this profitable talent in a diplomatic napkin.

LORD NAPIER, BRITISH PLENIPOTENTIARY TO WASHINGTON.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

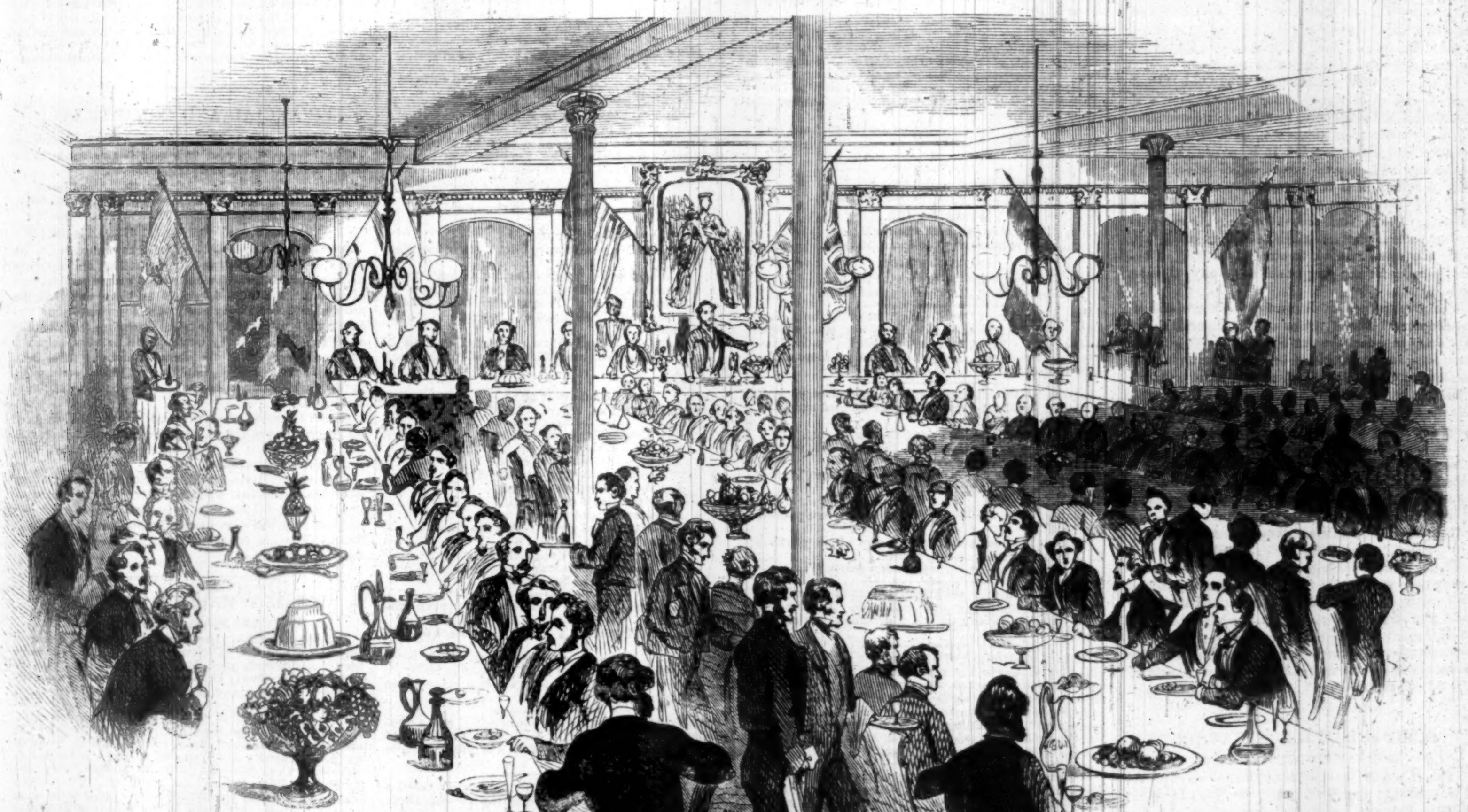
FLORENCE *April* 1, 1857.

YESTERDAY as the postman brought me a number of your "Weeklies," a lady somewhat remarkable for the Irish quality of her sense, who happened to be by at the moment I opened several, said to me, accusing me of being your correspondent, "Do you sign your letters with your name?"

"Of course not," I replied.

"How then do you know them again," she naïvely asked; to which I could only respond, "I guessed at them."

By-the-way, in mine of December 23, I gave you a brief account of the fortunes of the American medium, "Dan Hume." His career is, indeed, a most singular one, and could all the incidents of his life be faithfully recorded, it would be a marvel of autobiography. As I intimated in one of my late letters, his medium powers have been restored, and he has had several *séances* before the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugènie. The former has *become a believer* in the spiritual nature of the phenomena, which have been of a character to wonderfully impress all present, and on one occasion in no small degree to alarm the Empress



THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY'S DINNER AT DELMONICO'S, ON 23D APRIL, 1857.

by the unfastening of a portion of her dress by unseen hands, etc. At one of the *séances* the Emperor felt his chair pulled somewhat rudely from under him several times, and at last, annoyed by it, he abruptly demanded, supposing it done by some one of the circle, "who presumed to take such a liberty with him."

To his astonishment the reply was by the phenomena, that "it was the spirit of Louis Philippe." Many other things occurred which it is not considered discreet to mention outside of the walls of the Tuileries. The upshot of the whole is, and what I relate I get from the *best* authorities, that the Emperor permits Hume to arrange his *séances* so as to form the most harmonious circles possible, and has provided for him and taken him into high favor and confidence. How Louis Napoleon can keep on terms with the Church when this gets wind is more than the outsiders can tell; but perhaps he feels himself sufficiently strong to indulge in forbidden fruit despite the anathemas of the clergy.

Before leaving Rome the last time, I made several more visits to the studio of our gifted sculptor, Paul Akers, and was more than ever impressed by his genius. His busts comprise the highest possibilities of his sitters. To some they may seem beyond the actual in intellectual and moral expression; and so indeed they are, beyond the common actual, but not beyond what every man or woman has the soul-power to become, and which at intervals displays itself in those happy illuminations of countenance which we call our best moments. His bust of Gerrit Smith is truly wonderful. So pure is the marble itself, and so exquisitely wrought, so broad and elevated in its treatment, and yet so true to physical outline, that while the likeness is perfect, one seems to see before him not opaque matter, but the spirit form itself. It suggests the soul of the man in its purified ethereal shape.

The amateur public appreciate Akers as no young American artist has ever been before in so short a time. This is only his second winter at Rome, and already he has had commissions for nineteen busts; three of these are orders from Paris, Copenhagen, and Naples—so that it is no partiality of our countrymen merely that gives him this success. Of these nineteen busts, somewhat singularly, *thirteen* are of women and two of children. The desire of marble immortality is contagious in the sex, and of late oil portraits are neglected for the sculptor's chisel. It is rare, however, to find a female head that can stand with advantage so great a trial as to be moulded in clay. We expect in the sex, when put into marble, a certain degree of abstract beauty of form and expression that too few possess. In painting, color and its accessories reconcile the artistic eye to much that can not be concealed in the simple treatment of the chisel. Be that as it may, if women will have their busts taken, Akers is the artist to express in marble their utmost nobility of soul, and yet insure a striking likeness. He is remarkably successful with children.

Besides these busts, there have been ordered two heads in medallion (likewise female), and one portrait, full length, of a young child holding a bird in her bosom; five copies of antique busts; copies of the beautiful statues of Ceres and Diana reduced to parlor size, and a copy, of the size of the original, of the celebrated Sophocles of the Lateran Museum, and another of the Dying Gladiator. Both of these are for America, and the block of marble for the latter, which is apparently without a blemish, cost six hundred dollars. But all this success is not without its drawback; for it appears to me to give the artist too much to do, not physically but in intellectual tension, so that he shows too palpably the effect of overwork. With one who promises so much for American art, it is excusable if our public should feel anxious to sustain his health for his country's good; therefore, I implore him and all others to whom the counsel will apply, to keep in mind Bacon's advice, "Let us delay a little that we may come to a conclusion sooner."

Upon a matured examination of the old Roman type of head as displayed in the numerous busts of the Capitol and elsewhere, I could not help remarking to my companion that it was well for the world the race had disappeared. It is a brutal, headstrong intellect, but no moral development; the modern ruling head is far superior; and yet, two thousand years hence, some Australian, in visiting the ruins of New York or London, may, in comparing our form of crania with the standard of *his* day, apply the same remark to our generation. I devoutly hope, for the progress of humanity, that he may.

The preparations at Rome for the household of the Empress of Russia, are on a truly imperial scale. Her *daily* expenses are put down at $8000, and the European artistic world is in a ferment under the excitement of anticipated royal patronage. Queen Christina has taken up her residence at Rome, and also the King of Bavaria. But the traveling Americans are the people above all others upon whom the Italians count for spending money, and with reason; for between those who spend with knowledge, and those who spend with foolishness, the amount of American incomes left in Italy, each year, would figure up a sum that would startle our stay-at-home economists. Americans, too, now go every where. I have just met a friend and his wife who, not content with going to Moscow to see the coronation, went up to the North Cape and took a trip among the Laplanders, then passed into Finland and all sorts of novel places where the smile of an American lady had never before been seen. Fortunately she is very pretty, and thus our fair countrywomen did not suffer in the estimation of the Scandinavians.

CICERONE.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LAMB THAT WAS DUMB.

DR. HACKET, traveling in Palestine, says: "As I was passing near Gethsemane one day, I saw, at a little distance, a shepherd engaged in shearing one of his flock. The animal lay stretched before him on the ground; submitting, without resistance or complaint, to the operation which he was performing. It seemed as if every movement of the shears would lacerate the flesh; the feet were bound; the man's knees were pressed rudely against the sides of the helpless captive. This posture, so irksome, had to be endured for a considerable time before the ample fleece was removed. Yet, during it all, it was wonderful to observe how patient the creature remained; it struggled not, it opened not its mouth. Under ordinary circumstances the incident might not have attracted my attention; but, being seen in such a place, it spoke to my heart with touching power. How could I forget the prophet's use of that emblem, in describing the spirit of unshrinking submission to appointed suffering, which was to distinguish the Saviour of men; and of which he gave such matchless proof in the agony of the garden! Isaiah (liii. 7) said, with reference to that trait of his character, 'He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.'"

GOING TWO MILES FOR ONE.

In the sermon on the Mount, says the *Eclectic Review*, our Lord says: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain." We can all of us easily understand the other part of this command, and when struck on one cheek, we should in humility offer the other; because, unfortunately, we know what striking is. But many must have wondered what can have given rise to the command of going a second mile with the violent man who has already compelled you to go one mile. Nobody now, in this country, is ever injured by such treatment. But we learn from coins and inscriptions, that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of traveling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling on the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plow to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription on the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia, mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance; and a coin of Nerva's reign records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demand for one stage's "vehiculation," to go willingly a second time.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

DRYDEN said it is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they can not laugh.

"I'll take two children, if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster cellar in New York, the other day.

"Two children! What two children?"

"Why, I ain't got any myself, and your sign reads, *Families supplied*, don't it? I want you to supply me."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

"Well, my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather, alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord in the north of Vermont, during the last war, of a boy whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, with an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension!" echoed the astonished landlord, "what does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business and letting that of others alone."

When old Zechariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was once asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune, his reply was, "Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too, if thou pleasest—CIVILITY."

Abernethy was sent for by an inn-keeper who had a quarrel with his wife who had scored his face with her nails so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Dr. Abernethy, admonishing the offender, said:

"Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, Madam, in fact!"

"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

IGNORAMUS.

Whether first the egg or the hen?
Tell me, I pray you, ye learned men.

FIRST SCRIBE.

The hen was first, or whence the egg?
Give us no more your doubts, I beg.

SECOND SCRIBE.

The egg was first, or whence the hen?
Tell me how it could come, and when.

"Pray, Mr. Hume," said Lady Wallace to the philosopher, "when I am asked what is my age, what answer shall I give?" "Say, madam," replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that you have not yet come to the years of discretion."

Francis the First, a master in war and gallantry, says:

"A court without women is a year without spring—a spring without roses."

That is poetry in prose. After the king a poet.

"There are but two beautiful things in this world," says Malherbe, "women and roses."

"Woman is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the universe," writes Lessing, in a lyric outburst.

And Otway says:

"To represent the beauty of angels they are painted as women."

Moratin, the Spaniard, in a language which yet feels the Moorish influence, has written:

"The eyes of a weeping woman sow pearls."

The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labor. And the best *share* is the plowshare, on which dividends are always liberal.

Barham used to say of Maginn that a friend dining with him one day was so much pleased with the quality of his wine that he asked where he got it. "Oh! at the tavern over the way," replied Maginn. "Egad," said the other, "you must pay a swinging price for it! May I ask how much?" "I don't know," returned the gay scholar; "*they put down something in a book, I believe, but I never had the curiosity to ask what it was!*"

Cowles, in his excellent history of plants, notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and rogues are kept in awe."

A Wiltshire dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "La, me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen—mostly boys and girls."

A kind-hearted editor out West says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat and say nothing about it." The foregoing shows the possession of a disposition not only *forgiving* but *forgetting*.

The Rev. Mr. E——, who lives near Portland, was preparing his discourse for the next Sabbath, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase that which he was disposed to improve, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but three summers:

"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school-mistress seated him with the girls.

A dull, but would-be classical scholar, says if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many as Plutarch, he could not become great without labor!

The subjoined verse, from one of Halleck's poems, is a most ingenious piece of rhyming. Beat it who can.

"The good the Rhine-song does to German hearts,
Or thine, Marseilles! to France's fiery blood;
The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,
'God save the Queen!' to England's field and flood,
A home-born blessing, Nature's boon, not Art's;
The same heart-cheering, spirit-warming good,
To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,
Thy words and music, YANKEE-DOODLE!—do,

She who makes home so pure and peaceful and holy a place that the companion of her life is fain to acknowledge that within its charmed atmosphere his manhood grows stronger and purer, and more elevated—that he goes out from it as from a stronghold of virtue, with a truer reverence for a *true* woman, and a deeper detestation of vice—with a kindlier heart and readier hand for the weak and sorrowing—with a more rational ambition and moderated desires for the grosser things of life and the world, is in her highest, noblest, most legitimate sphere. Such a woman wields an influence, which would never be augmented by added political rights, or by official trust and power.

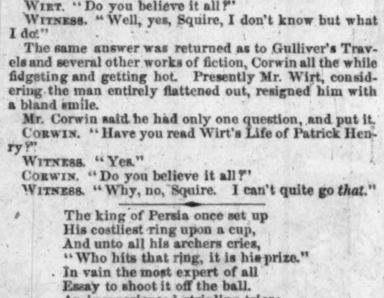
My mother tells me,
"Nature has given thee
Lips to speak with, my daughter, my own;
And so thou must use them for speaking alone."
But why are they red then?
White lips would have answered for speaking as well,
And why has she said, then,
"*Only for speaking?*" Oh! who can tell
A poor innocent girl like me,
For what but to speak with can my mouth be?"

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

Who was the first nobleman mentioned by his title in the Bible?

The Baron (barren) Fig-tree.

The following *Illustrated Epitaph* has been sent to the *Knickerbocker* by an old and cordial friend. It was copied, he states, from a tombstone near Williamsport, Pennsylvania. We have not the slightest doubt of it. No one can look upon that picture without being convinced that such a kick from such an animal *must* have proved fatal. There is some tautology in the epitaph, but the facts are interesting; for example, the circumstance of the deceased boy's being "*friendly* to his father and his mother." The expression is strong, certainly; but tombstones justify a little extravagance of language:



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HENRY HARRIS,
BORN JUNE 27TH, 1821, OF HENRY HARRIS
AND JANE HIS WIFE.
DIED ON THE 4TH OF MAY, 1837, BY THE KICK OF A COLT
IN HIS BOWELS.
PEACEABLE AND QUIET, A FRIEND TO
HIS FATHER AND MOTHER, AND RESPECTED
BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM, AND WENT
TO THE WORLD WHERE HORSES
DON'T KICK, WHERE SORROWS AND WEEPING
IS NO MORE.
TAYLOR AND SHUCK.

The following good one is from the Toledo *Blade*: It is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called, was once trying a case in which he was opposed by the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a most novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination every thing turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

WIRT. "Have you read Robinson Crusoe?"

WITNESS. "Yes."

WIRT. "Do you believe it all?"

WITNESS. "Well, yes, Squire, I don't know but what I do."

The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's Travels and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him with a bland smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question, and put it.

CORWIN. "Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?"

WITNESS. "Yes."

CORWIN. "Do you believe it all?"

WITNESS. "Why, no, Squire. I can't quite go *that*."

The king of Persia once set up
His costliest ring upon a cup,
And unto all his archers cries,
"Who hits that ring, it is his prize."
In vain the most expert of all
Essay to shoot it off the ball.
An inexperienced stripling tries:
His chance-sped arrow strikes the prize!
Before he never had bent bow,
He wisely said, "'Twas luck, I know;
And, that my fame may still remain,
I never will bend bow again."

The following is, perhaps, the meanest thing ever written:

Why was St. Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy.

Why wouldn't you sell any thing to a man in bed?

Because a cash business is best, and it is evident that he would be buying on *tick*.

"Won't you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel to a witty swain. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half*." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

At a Sunday-school examination the teacher asked a boy whether, after he had been standing and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him?

"Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who has insulted or struck you?"

"Y-e-s, Sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—think—I—could, if he was bigger than I am."

The following bill was actually presented, at a hotel, to a gentleman traveling in the north of England:

Anos for ada............	£1 7s. 6d.
A	0 1s. 6d.
fetchinonimom..........	0 1s. 0d.

As our readers may not be able to decipher the above, we interpret it:

An 'oss for a day........	£1 7s. 6d.
Hay.......................	0 1s. 6d.
fetchin' on him 'ome.....	0 1s. 0d.

"What pity 'tis," said John, the sage,
"That women should, for hire,
Expose themselves upon the stage,
By wearing men's attire."

"*Expose!*" cries Ned, who loves a jest,
"In sense you surely fail:
What do the darlings have to fear
When clad in coat-of-*male*?"

Dow, Jr., in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church-goers from the sanctuary, by reason of high pew-rents in our fashionable churches, remarks:

"The reason why a majority of you go to Beelzebub, is because you can't afford to go to heaven at the present exorbitant prices!"

There is beauty in the forest
Where the trees are green and fair,
There is beauty in the meadow
Where wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft, blue beams above:
Oh, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

We once knew an old German Professor who had collected a valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized. One morning a friend came to tell him of a very unpleasant circumstance—that he had seen a man get up a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. "Into which window?" cried the philosopher. "I am very sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was your daughter's." "Oh, man!" said the other, "*you almost frightened me; I thought he had been into the cabinet!*"

Here lies John Dove, who varied his life,
As a beater of gold, by beating his wife.

"Doctor Pills in?"

"Don't live here," says Brown, who was in full scribble, without looking up.

"Oh, I thought this was his office."

"Next door."

"Pray, Sir, can you tell me, has the Doctor many patients?"

"*Not living.*"

Doctor Pills heard of the remark, and threatened to sue Brown for libel.

A certain poet published lately a volume of verses. One morning he called, book in hand, upon a critic noted for his caustic vein.

"I have brought you my poem," said he, "eight thousand verses."

"Oh! very well," replied the critic, "we shall want four thousand men to read them."

"Please your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tim, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident?" remarked Captain O'Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush, and the beast ran across my aim, all of his own accord."

"The game-keeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Och! don't put faith in what that man says," said Tim Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how. He tould me t'other day yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!"

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Viscount Kilskiddery, "indeed, and what did you say?"

"Plaise your lordship, I said your lordship was."

When is a dog bankrupt?

When he is worth only four shillings in the pound.

A "Green Mountain Boy" (so called because the mountains, and *not* the *boys*, are green) tells the Boston *Post* the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen. Roswell F——, a Vermont lawyer of distinguished ability, now residing at St. Louis, and in the first rank of the bar of Missouri, had brought a suit in court which was really so plain a case for the plaintiff that, having submitted the papers and other proofs to the court, he felt that his client's interests required no more, and he accordingly sat down without making the customary address to the jury. But the defendant's counsel, more ambitious of rhetorical display, and probably conscious that the defense required the best abilities, rose and made a long harangue, characterized by an immense flood of pompous words (as was his custom), but destitute of even an attempt at logic or reasoning of any kind. When he had done, the plaintiff's counsel, who was expected to make an elaborate speech in reply, rose and merely said, "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, in this case I shall follow the example of the counsel for defense, and submit the case *without argument!*"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, April* 27, 1857.

THE Foreign Trade at this port begins again to be large, as the following comparison shows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 25, 1857	$4,838,784....	$1,249,688
Corresponding week, 1856	3,121,211....	1,052,959
Increase this year	$1,717,573	$196,729

Specie was not so largely exported as was expected, the direct export from this port being trifling, and shippers deeming $600,000 a sufficiently large sum to send by way of Boston. A million a week is the figure at which the most experienced Financiers expect to see our Specie Export for the next month or two. Exchange is quite firm at 109¾ @ 109⅞. Money continues to be very easy, the supply fully equal to the demand, and the rates low. The news from Europe, implying continued stringency in the Market there, operates as a check upon our financial world.

Cotton is pretty steady without change; the inquiry for Flour is more active, and, in some qualities, an improvement of 10 @ 20 c. per barrel must be noted, with pretty general demand.

In Stocks, we have to note a decline, and on Saturday afternoon and to-day, a partial rally. Under the pressure of a large floating debt, Michigan Central fell to 60, and Erie to 41, the other speculative stocks sympathising. To-day these are somewhat better, and somewhat more confidence exists.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, April* 27, 1857.

THE stormy weather has seriously obstructed business operations, and the Wholesale Produce Markets have been comparatively quiet during the past week. Breadstuffs were less freely offered, while they attracted a little more attention, and increased considerably in value. Western Canal brands close at $5 70 @ $6 35 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 00 @ $8 75 for low to choice extra, per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian, $6 10 @ $7 75; and low mixed to very choice extra Southern, $6 50 @ $8 75, per barrel. Rye Flour, $3 60 @ $4 70 for fine to superfine; Corn Meal, $3 25 @ $3 30 for Jersey, and $3 70 @ $3 75 for Brandywine, per barrel. The leading kinds of grain were less abundant and much wanted, at improved prices. We quote White Wheat at $1 52½ @ $1 70; Red Wheat at $1 33 @ $1 52½; Mixed Corn at 76 @ 78 c.; Yellow Corn at 76 @ 78 c.; White Corn at 77 @ 82 c.; Western Oats at 58 @ 60 c.; State do. at 57 @ 59 c.; Jersey do. at 55 @ 57 c.; Southern do. at 52½ @

55 c.; and Rye at 87 @ 89 c. per bushel. With increased supplies and a diminished inquiry, Barley fell to $1 25 @ $1 55; and Barley Malt to $1 70 @ $1 75, per bushel. Cotton was heavy and languid. Middling Uplands, 13¾ c.; do. Gulfs, 14½ @ 14¾ c.; and other grades, proportionate rates, per pound. Provisions were rather tame. Hog Products tended downward; other articles were stiffly held. We quote: Mess Pork, $22 00; Prime do., $18 75 @ $19 00; Country Mess Beef, $13 00 @ $14 00; and Prime do., $10 75 @ $11 50, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef, $25 00 @ $30 00 per tierce. Beef Hams, $23 00 @ 24 00 per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, 14 c. per pound. State Butter, 18 @ 30 c., and Cheese, 12½ @ 13½ c., per pound. Groceries were pretty freely dealt in at very full prices. Hay, Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were in somewhat restricted demand, at about previous figures. Tobacco was brisk, firm, and buoyant, with much-reduced supplies available. Domestic Whisky was salable and steady, closing at 28¼ @ 28½ c. per gallon. Naval Stores were in good request, and were held at slightly advanced prices. Wool was dull, and somewhat nominal. Other commodities ruled about the same.

The Canal Commissioners met at Albany on Monday, and determined to have the Canals of this State open and ready for navigation on Wednesday, the 6th of May.

The Live Stock Market was poorly supplied with Beeves, which were in fair demand at rather better prices. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were confined to 2605 Beeves, 327 Milch Cows, 1118 Veal Calves, 8585 Sheep and Lambs, and 1735 Swine, against 3326 Beeves, 368 Milch Cows, 965 Veal Calves, 8263 Sheep and Lambs, and 3500 Swine the preceding week. New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 10½ c. for the poorest, to 14 c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 12 c. per pound, or ¼ c. per pound over the previous week's currency. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, appeared in less request, at however, uniform rates, viz.: $25 00 for very common, to $75 00 for extra, each. Veal Calves were in better supply and demand at 5 @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were rather scarce and quiet, yet stiffly held, mainly at from $5 00 @ $8 00 per head. Swine were plenty, heavy, and drooping. We quote, Live, 6½ @ 7¼ c.; and dressed, at 8¾ @ 9¼ c. per pound.

The Country Produce Market exhibits but little animation. Many articles, hitherto embraced in our Summary, have either wholly or partially disappeared. The supplies of fruit and vegetables are meagre. Apples and Potatoes, of good quality, are becoming quite scarce. Some early vegetables are now arriving, and find a market, equal to the ability of producers to furnish them, at high yet irregular prices. Barn-yard and dairy produce is offered very moderately, while being in fair request. Prices are generally buoyant. We can notice no other really new features.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to good, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound	9	@	11
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$15 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
" " (unpeeled), per pound	9	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 50	@	—
Potatoes, per barrel	$2 00	@	$5 00
" Sweet, per barrel	$5 50	@	$6 50
Onions, Red, per barrel	$3 50	@	$3 75
" Yellow, per barrel	$4 00	@	$4 25
" White, per barrel	$4 75	@	$5 50
" per 100 strings	$4 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beets, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 62½
Turnips, per barrel	62½	@	$1 50
Cabbages, per 100	$6 00	@	$10 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 50	@	—
Maple Sugar, per pound	13½	@	15
Spinach, per barrel	$2 00	@	$2 50
Lettuce, per dozen	$1 25	@	$1 50
Sprouts, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 00
Rhubarb, per dozen	$2 25	@	$2 50
White Beans, per bushel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	21
" State, per pound	18	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	12	@	13½
Lard, per pound	13½	@	14
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	16½
Fowls, per pound	16	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	18	@	25
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	20
Geese, per pound	10	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 75	@	$2 25
English Snipe, per dozen	$3 00	@	$3 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	50	@	60
Beef, per pound	9	@	12½
Mutton, per pound	10	@	13
Lamb, per pound	11	@	15
Veal, per pound	7½	@	10
Pork, per pound	8½	@	10

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THE KING OF THE WINDS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUAKER AND THE HORSE.

The winter of 1732 was excessively cold, and the frost was hard and early. About the latter end of January, in that year, a tolerable large crowd was assembled at the corner of the Pont Neuf, at the angle of the Rue Dauphin and the *Quai des Augustins*, at Paris.

Nothing was then, or is now, unfortunately, more common than the painful spectacle which had assembled these lookers-on. The pavement, made slippery by the rime and hoar frost, did not present any holding for the horses' feet; and one of these poor animals, harnessed to a large cart laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step with his heavy load; while the carter, a tall, powerful fellow, with a coarse and brutal look, and dressed in a blue smock-frock, was belaboring the poor brute with his whip, striking him sometimes over the head, and sometimes over the body, with a persevering and relentless ferocity.

Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued and severe efforts that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and white foam. Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so vehemently that the stones beneath his feet threw out streams of sparks; now, far from being discouraged by his energetic but vain attempts, he backed a few paces in order to take breath, and then, once more exerting all his strength, he again essayed, but still in vain, to advance with his tremendous load. Twice did he nearly fall—twice did his knees touch the frozen pavement—and twice did the ruffian carter, redoubling his blows and his curses, raise him by a savage tug at the bit, which left the mouth of the poor animal all raw and bleeding.

A third time, after a last violent and desperate effort, the horse fell on his knees, and one of his legs becoming entangled underneath him, he could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and with his eyes fixed on his savage owner.

The rage of the carter then knew no bounds, and, after having broken his whip to pieces over the head of the unhappy animal—who, kept down by the shafts, could not move a limb, but lay groaning on the stones—he, by an odious excess of cruelty, began to kick the poor creature violently on the nostrils.

The spectators of this barbarous sight looked on with disgusting curiosity or stupid apathy. The more humane, suggested, however, that the animal should be unharnessed, while the rest kept silent, awed, as it seemed by the ferocity of the devil of the scene.

The fellow then resorted to another refinement of cruelty; for, seeing that, notwithstanding the brutal kicks he gave, his horse could not extricate himself from the heavy burden which bore him down, he took a bundle of straw, which was tied behind the cart, and, twisting it in the form of a torch, took from his pocket a match, and went to work, in the most savage manner, to subject the prostrate brute to another species of torture; saying, as he did so, to the spectators, who were too cowardly to interfere: "I'll try a little fire on the accursed brute, and see if that won't make him get up."

At this moment an individual passed by, who, seeing the crowd, stopped. He was a man of ordinary stature, middle-aged, and rather stout, wearing a long, old great coat, made of gray cloth, with buttons of the same color; a flat-brimmed hat hardly covered the top of his head, which was thickly grown with gray and unpowdered locks; his features were smiling, bland, and kind; and round his neck he wore a thick cambric cravat, the long ends of which fell down upon his waistcoat, like the bands of a priest. When this person saw the carter go toward the fallen horse, with the evident intention of applying the blazing straw to his hide, a shudder ran through his frame, and his countenance expressed the most painful degree of compassion.

Unable for a moment to endure this cruel and revolting scene, the Quaker—for the man in the gray coat belonged to that religious sect which profess, as we know, the most generous feelings, and the utmost sympathy for animals—approached the carter, and took him firmly by the arm.

The other lookers-on experienced a sensation of interest and affright when they witnessed the stranger's temerity, for his age and peaceable exterior afforded a singular contrast to the athletic frame and devil-may-care look of the owner of the beast.

The carter, however, turning round instantly, with a menacing look, exclaimed, as he shook his torch, "Who's that a-pulling hold o' my arm? Was it you?"

"Friend," said the Quaker, in a calm and firm tone, showing the carter at the same time fifteen louis d'or which he held in his hand, and speaking in the phraseology adopted by his sect, "friend, wilt thou sell me thy horse for fifteen louis?"

"What d'ye say?" inquired the carter, who thought he was jesting with him.

"You'll buy the beggar, and give fifteen louis?—really, fifteen louis?" repeated he, treading out the light of his torch beneath his clumsy feet, and contemplating the money which the Quaker offered to him with a half-stupefied, half-avaricious look.

"Fifteen louis, friend," said the Quaker, in his gentle and unaffected tone.

"But why the devil should you buy my horse."

"What is that to thee? Wilt thou sell him."

The gazers on this scene began to take considerable interest in its progress, although by far the greater number did not understand the evident and practical compassion of the Quaker, who, convinced of the inutility of any remonstrance, had but acted in the pious and charitable spirit of his sect when he endeavored to rescue a poor animal from such cruel treatment. Another reason—which we shall allude to hereafter—also mingled with that generous impulse which the Quaker had evinced.

"But what'll you do with my horse without the cart?" inquired the carter.

"If thou sellest thy horse, friend, thou must first unload thy cart, unharness the poor brute, help him kindly to rise, and then lead him to thy stable, whither I shall accompany thee, and then I will inform thee of my further purposes."

"But then my cart and the wood?"

"Some one will watch them for thee, friend, until thou hast borrowed another horse. If it be required, I will also pay something more for this service."

"Fifteen louis d'or!" said the carter, who could scarcely believe in his own good luck. "Is the gold good?"

"Take a louis, friend, go into the nearest shop, and there thou canst inquire if it be good."

The carter did as he was told, and having tested the gold, returned greatly delighted, saying: "It's a bargain! I suppose you are still in the same mind?"

"Assuredly," replied the Quaker, "but thou must help me quickly, friend, to unshackle the poor horse, for verily he suffereth greatly, crushed as he is by the weight of this heavy burden."

"To be sure I will," replied the carter; "and now the bargain is struck, tell me why the devil you have bought an old 'screw' for such a lump of money? Pr'aps you arn't no judge of horse-flesh?"

"I can tell thee now, friend, that it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought this poor animal."

The carter looked at the Quaker for a moment with an amazed air, shrugged his shoulders, looked again at the gold coins, but, wholly unable to comprehend such compassion, he began (whistling very merrily all the while) to free the horse, fully persuaded as he did so that he had to "deal" with a madman.

We ought to add that the bystanders, fully sharing in the carter's sentiments as to the Quaker, lent their ready aid to release the horse from the cart.

The poor animal was bleeding in many places, the iron of his heavy harness, and the cumbrous shafts, having rubbed the skin quite raw; and such was his terror of the carter that, at his least movement, the horse backed and trembled as if he dreaded another beating.

"Now, friend," said the Quaker, "lead the horse to thy stables;" and the Quaker, the carter, and the horse, followed by several idlers, quitted the quay.

The Quaker followed his guide, from time to time patting the thin and abrased neck of the horse, whom he regarded with a sort of satisfaction, as a victim whom he had snatched from so wretched a condition. At length, after treading several narrow streets, he broke silence by saying:

"And where, friend, didst thou buy this horse?"

"Of one of the king's cooks," said the carter, "for bad as he looks, the rip came from the king's stables, and no mistake."

Greatly surprised at these words, for the Quaker failed to discern in the horse any thing which betokened his former regal condition, he begged the carter to relate to him all the particulars how the animal came into his possession.

"Oh! it's a strange story," said the carter. "This horse was once the King's!"

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